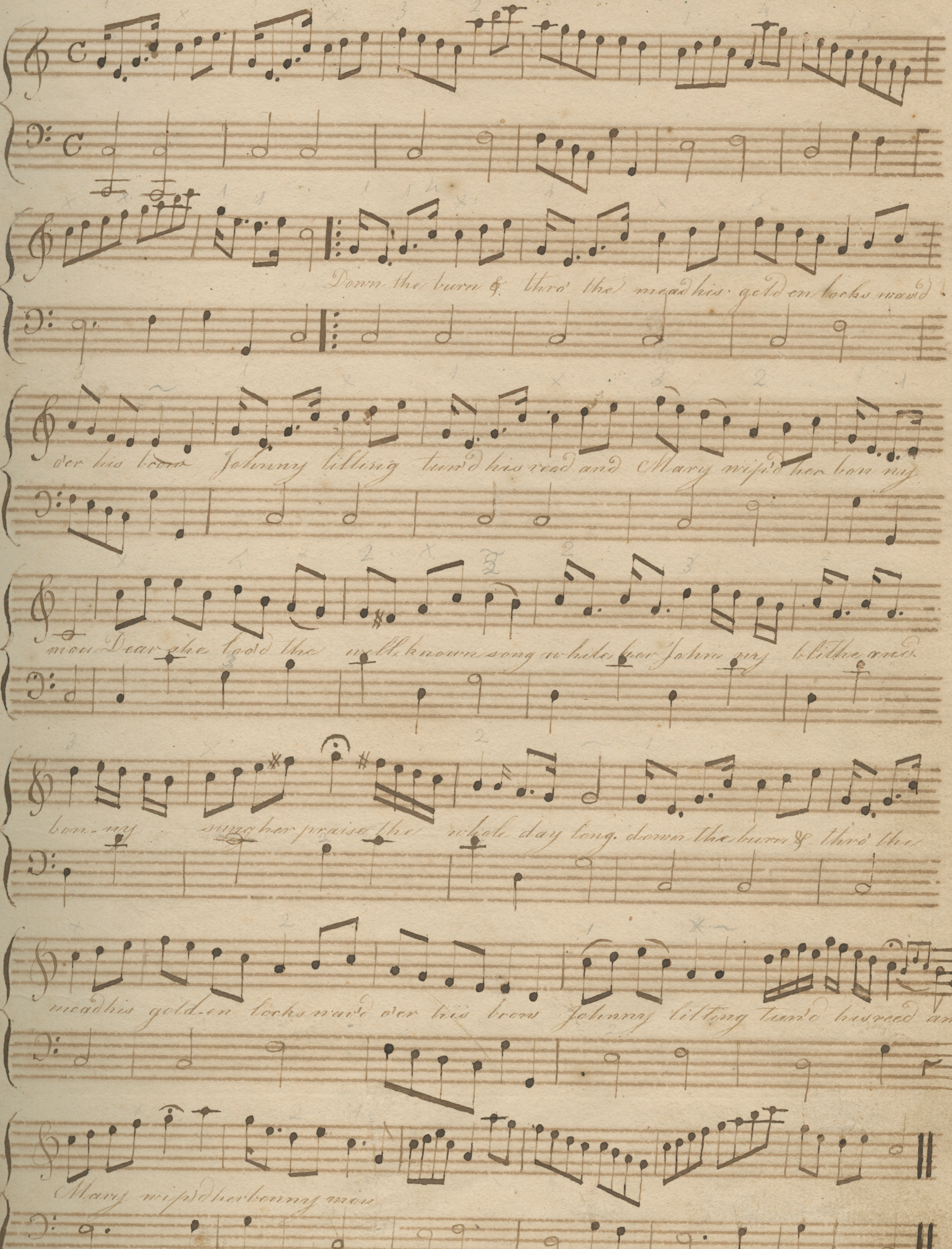
H. F. Ludlow

c. 1800

Down the Burn


Down the burn & thro' the mead his gold en locks wav'd
o'er his brow Johnny lilting tun'd his reed and Mary wip'd her bon ny
mou Dear she lo'd the well known song while her Johnny blithe and
bon ny sung her praise the whole day long. down the burn & thro' the
mead his gold en locks wav'd o'er his brow Johnny lilting tun'd his reed and
Mary wip'd her bonny mou

Costly Claiths she had but few;
Of rings & jewels nae great store
Her Face was fair her love was true
And Johnny wisely wish'd nae more

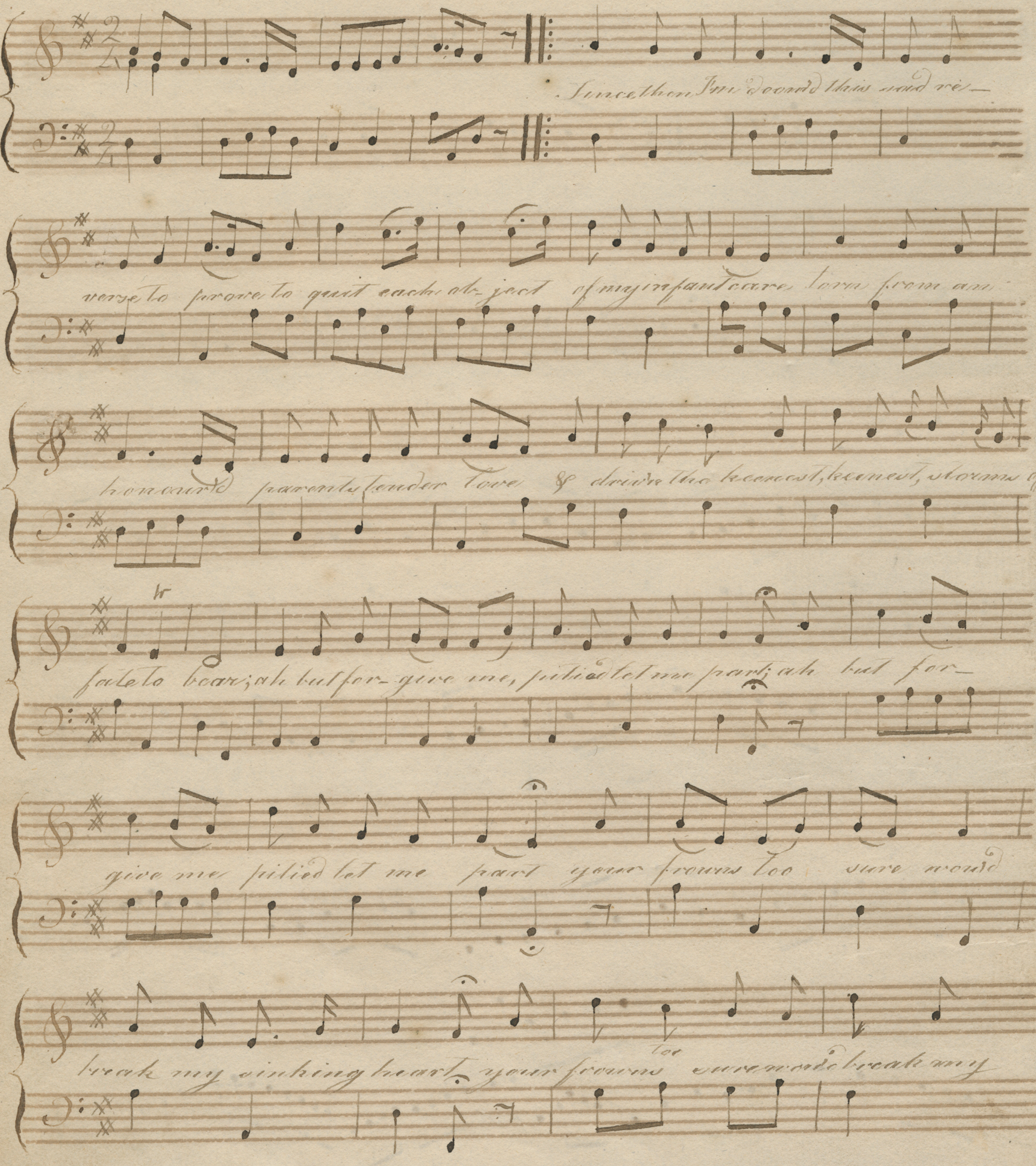
Love's the Pearl the shepherd's prize
O'er the Mountain, near the Fountain
Love delights the shepherd's Eyes
Down the

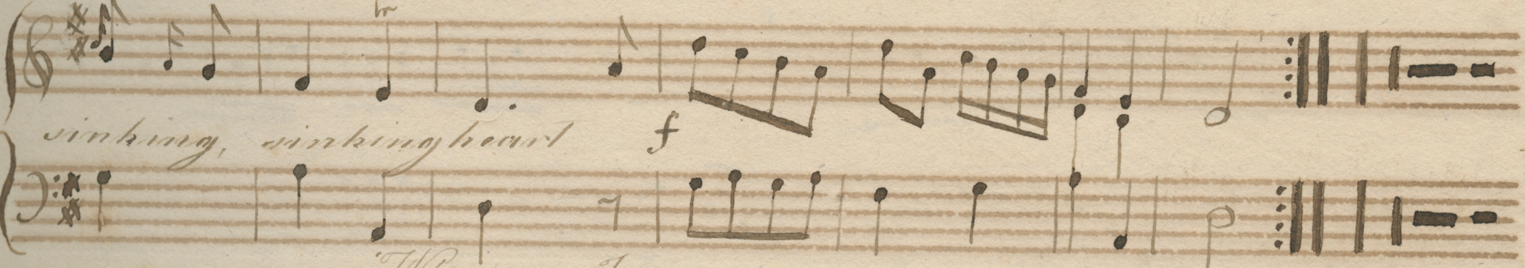
Gold & Titles give not health
And Johnny cou'd nae these impart
Youthfull Mary's greatest wealth
Was still her faithfull Johnny's heart

Sweet the Joy's the lover's find
Great the treasure sweet the pleasure
Where the Heart is always kind

Down the Burn &c

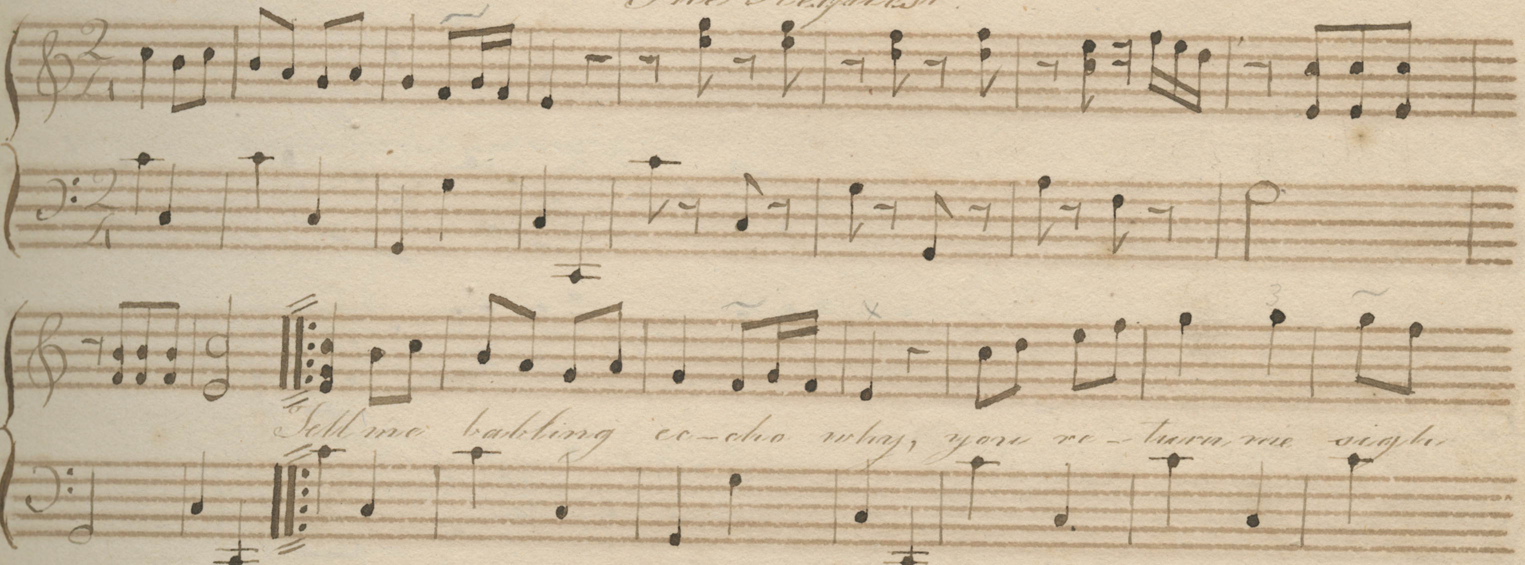
Since then I'm Doom'd


Since then I'm doom'd this sad re-
verse to prove to quit each ob-ject of my infant care torn from an
honour'd parents tender love & driv'n the keenest, keenest, storms of
fate to bear; ah but for-give me, pitied let me part; ah but for-
give me pitied let me part your frowns too sure would
break my sinking heart your frowns too sure would break my


sinking, sinking heart
f

Where e'er I go, what e'er my lowly state,
Yet gratefull mem'ry still shall linger here;
And when perhaps your musing o'er my fate
You still may greet me with a tender tear
Ah: then forgive me, pitied let me part
Your frowns too sure would break my sinking heart

The Request.

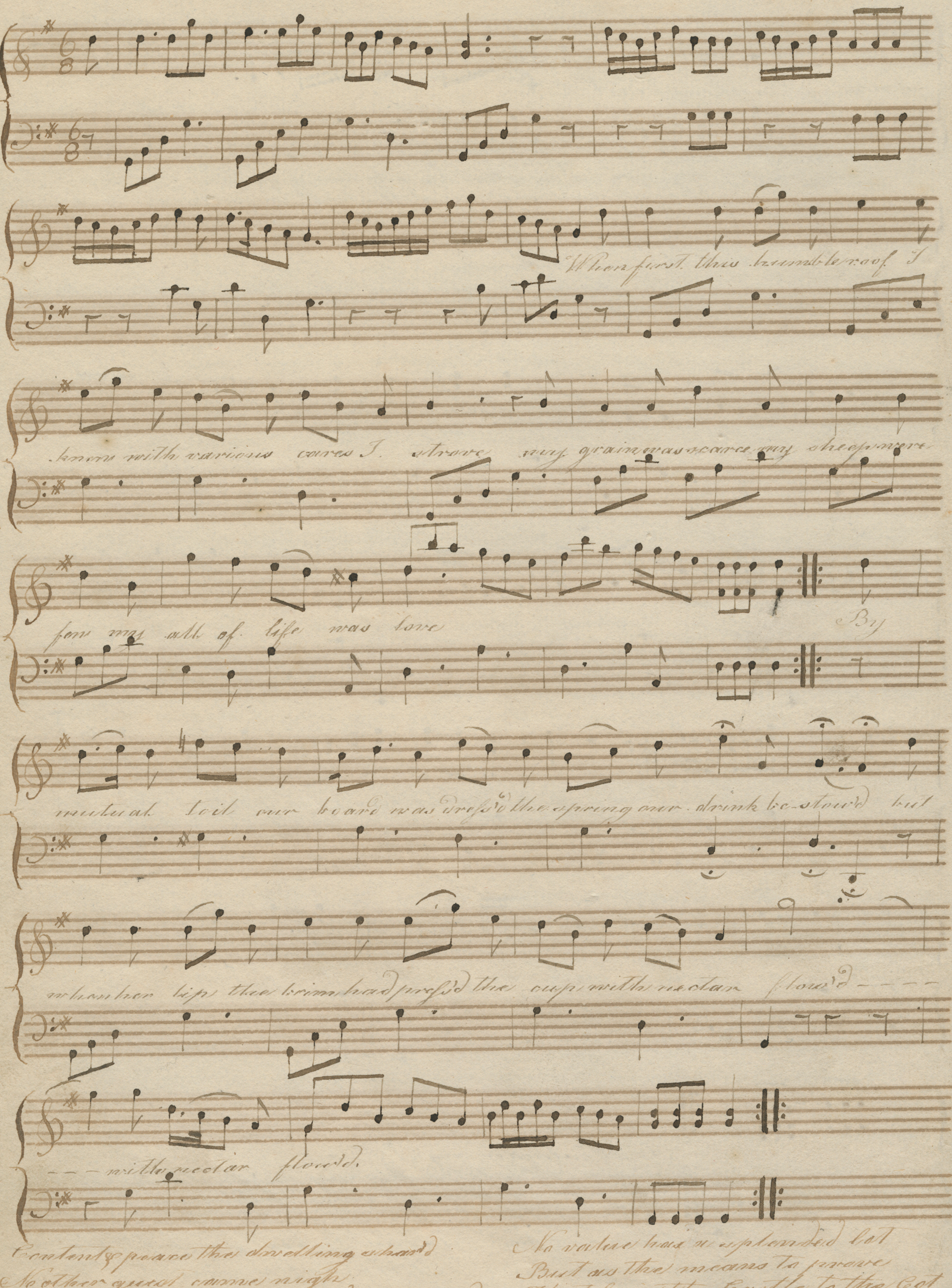

2/4
Tell me babling ec-cho why, you re-turn me sighs
for sighs When I of slighted love, com-plain you de
light, you de light, to mock my pain.
3
3

Bold intruder night & Day
Busy Tell tale hence away
Me and my cares in silence leave
Come not near, come not near me while I grieve.

But if my swain in all his charms,
Returns to bless my longing arms;
I'll call thee from thy dark retreat;
The Joyful tidings to repeat.

Repeat Repeat Repeat thy strain,
Tell it O'er & O'er again;
From morn to night prolong the tale;
Let it ring let it ring from Vale to Vale.

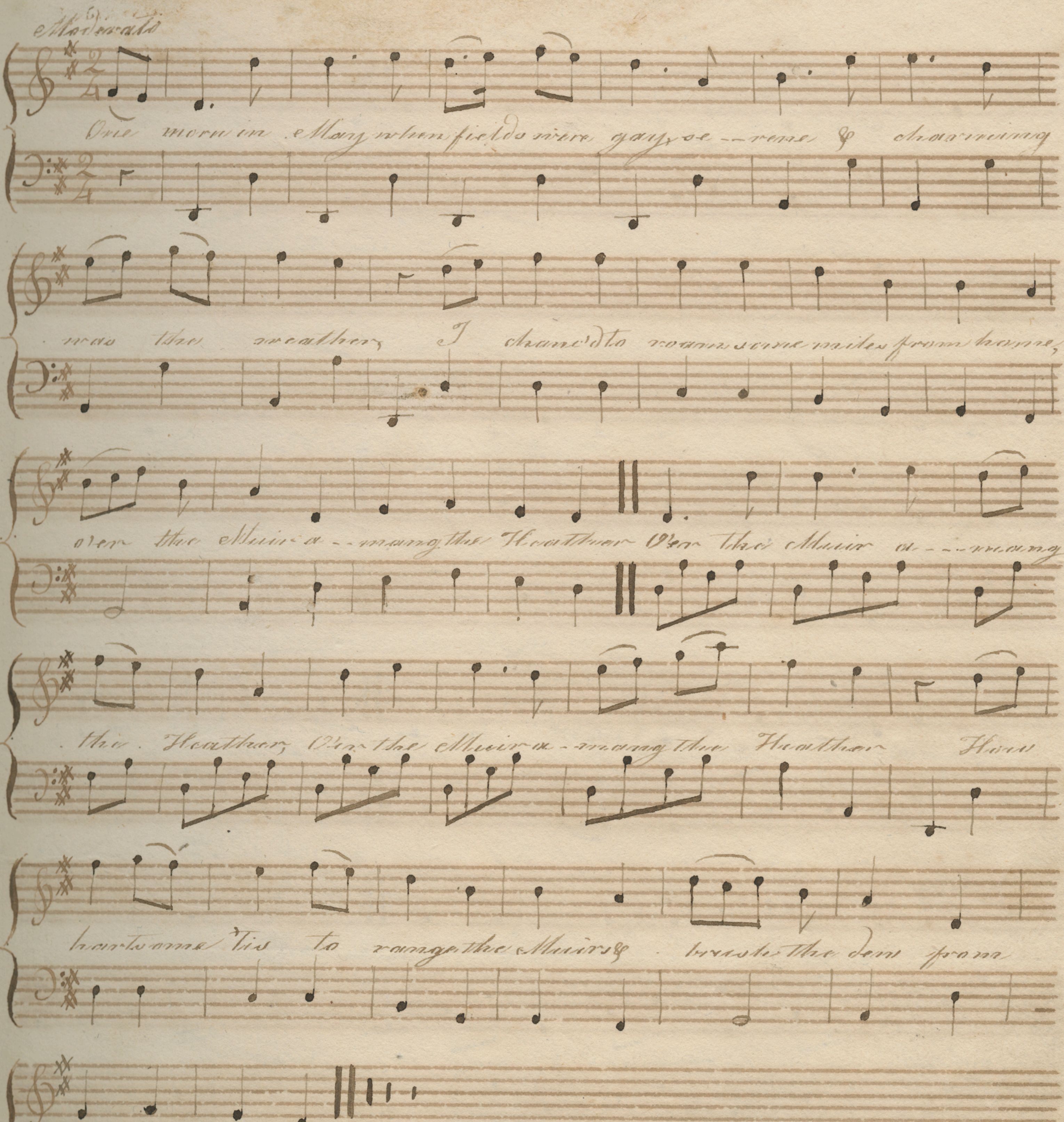
When first this Humble Roof I knew


When first this humble roof I
knew with various cares I strove my grain was scarce my sheep were
few my all of life was love
By
mutual toil our board was dress'd the spring our drink be-stow'd but
when her lips the brim had press'd the cup with nectar flow'd - - -
- - - with nectar flow'd

Content & peace the dwelling shar'd
No other guest came nigh
In them was giv'n the gold was spar'd
What gold can never buy

No value has a splendid lot
But as the means to prove
That from the Castle to the Cot
The all of life is love.

Oer the Muir amang the Heather


Moderato
One morn in May when fields were gay se--rene & charming
was the weather, I chanc'd to roam some miles from hame, Far
over the Muir a--mang the Heather Oer the Muir a---mang
the Heather, Oer the Muir a-mang the Heather How
hartsome 'tis to range the Muirs & brush the dew from
blooming Heather.

I walk'd along & hum'd a song,
My heart was light as any feather,
When I chanc'd to meet a lovely lass
As wading bar afoot thro' the Heather

Cho.s Oer the Muir &c

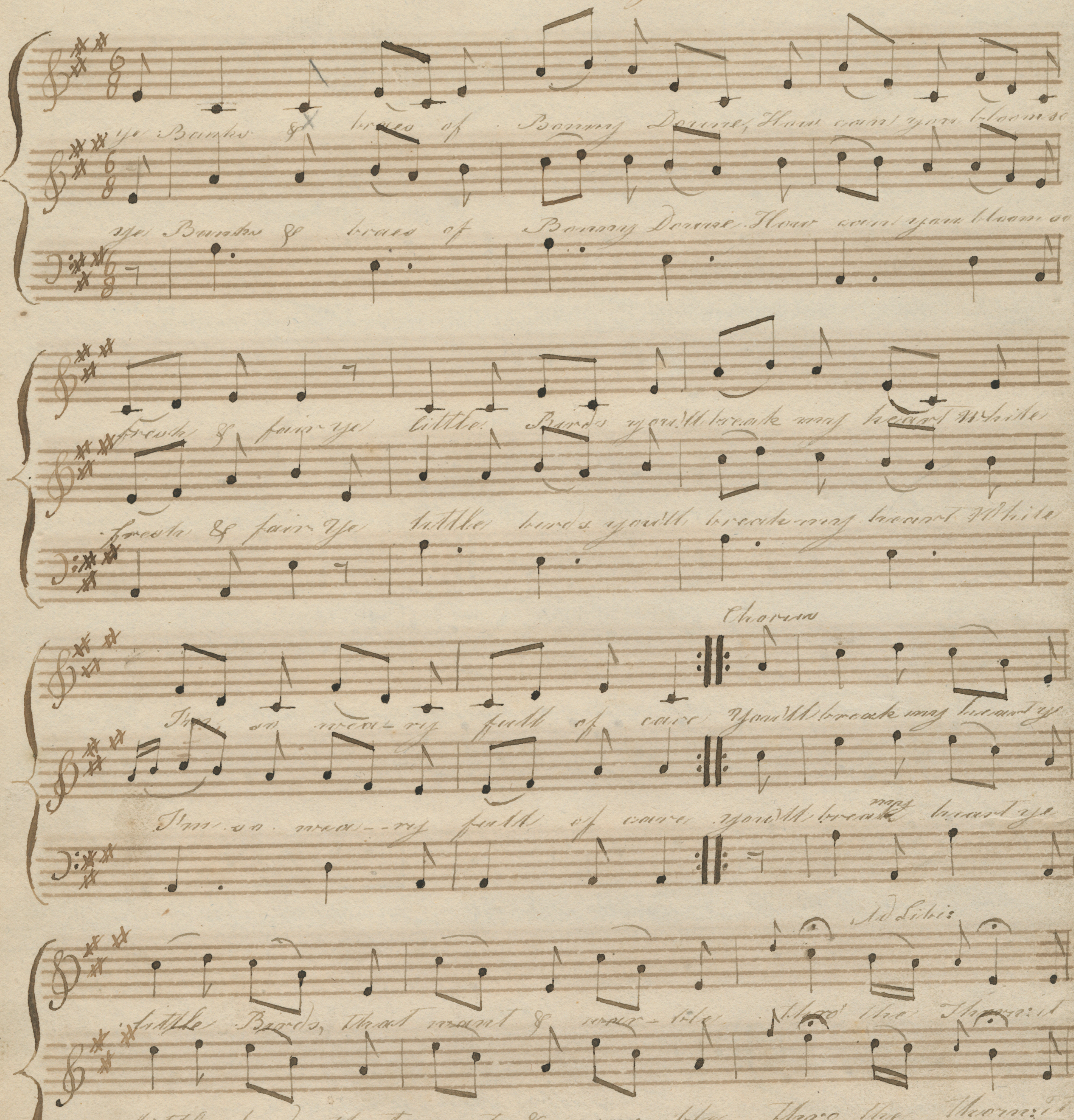
She was the bonniest ere I saw
I met that morn amang the Heather

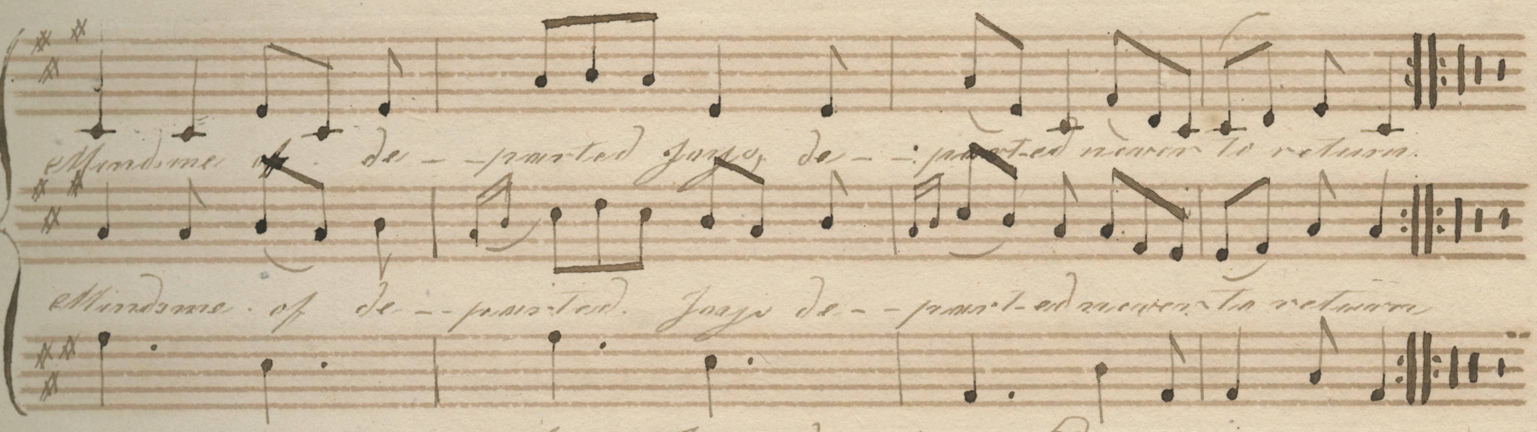
Her eyes so fine more bright did shine
Than the most clear unclouded weather
A fairer form did ne'er adorn
~~Amang the~~ A brighter scene amang the heather

Cho.s Oer the Muir &c

There's ne'er a Lass in Scotia's Isle
Can vie with her amang the Heath

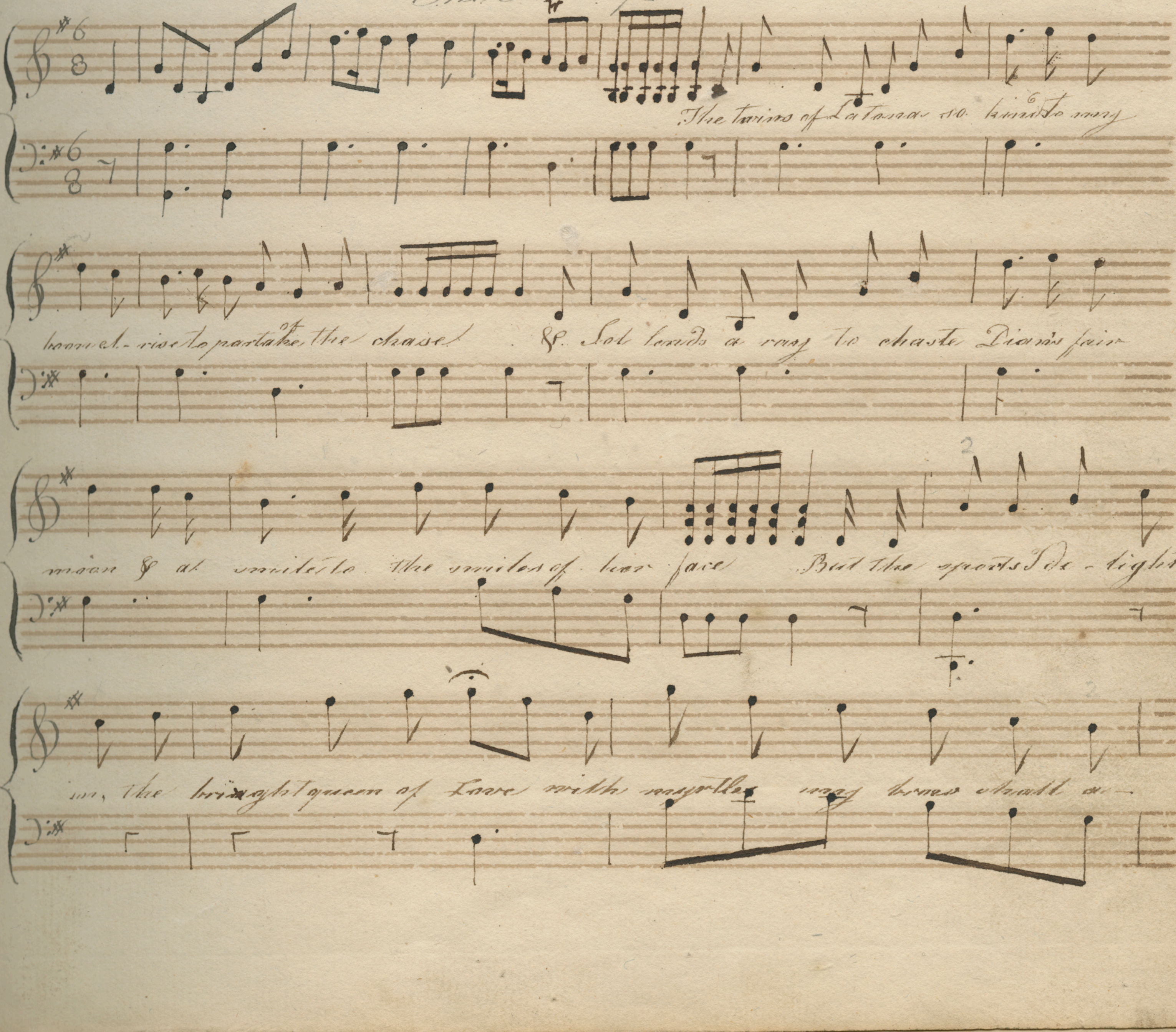
Caledonian Hunts Delight

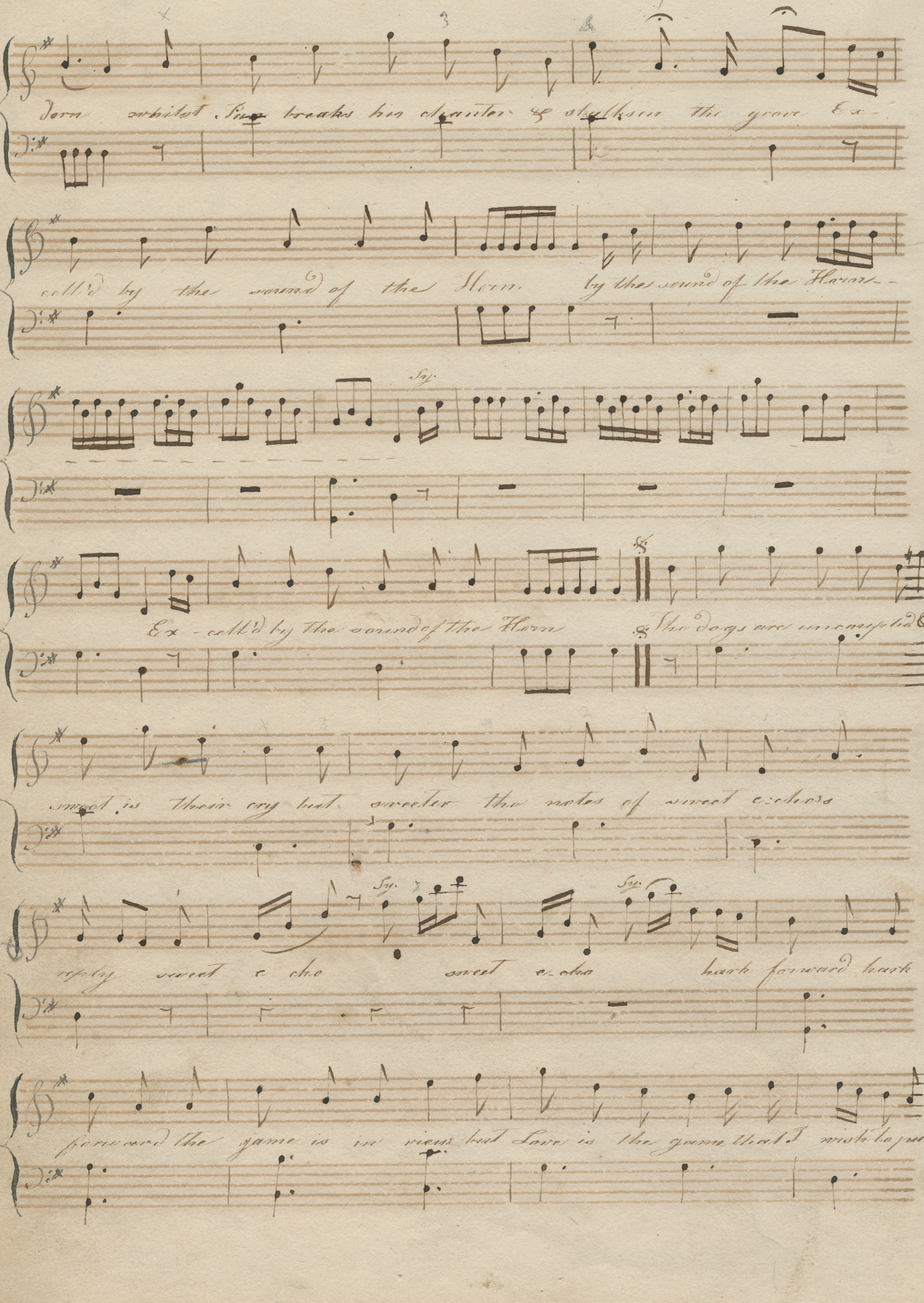

ye Banks & braes of Bonny Doune, How can ye bloom so
ye Banks & braes of Bonny Doune How can ye bloom so
fresh & fair ye little Birds you'll break my heart While
fresh & fair ye little birds you'll break my heart While
Chorus
I'm so wea-ry full of care You'll break my heart ye
I'm so wea--ry full of care you'll break my heart ye
Ad Libi:
little Birds, that want & war-ble thro' the Thorn:t
little birds that want & war--ble thro the Thorn:t

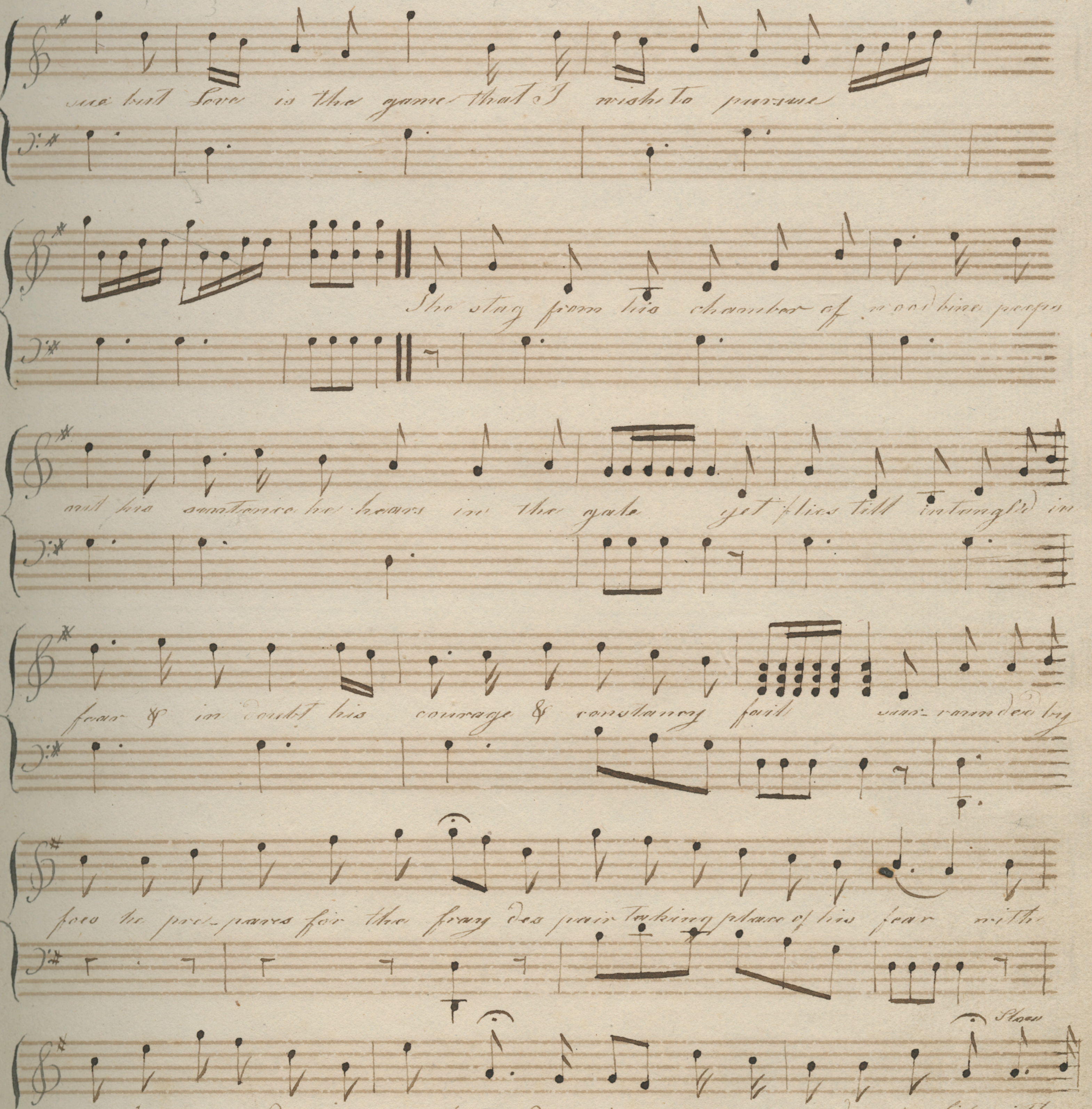

Mindme of de--parted Joys de--parted never to return.
Mindme of de--parted Joys de--part-ed never to return

Oft have I rov'd by bonny Doune,
To see the Rose & Woodbine Twine
Where ilka Bird sang o'er its note
And sae did I the same of mine
Cho. Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a Rose
A rose out of yon thorny tree
But my false love has stolen the Rose,
And left the thorn, behind to me.

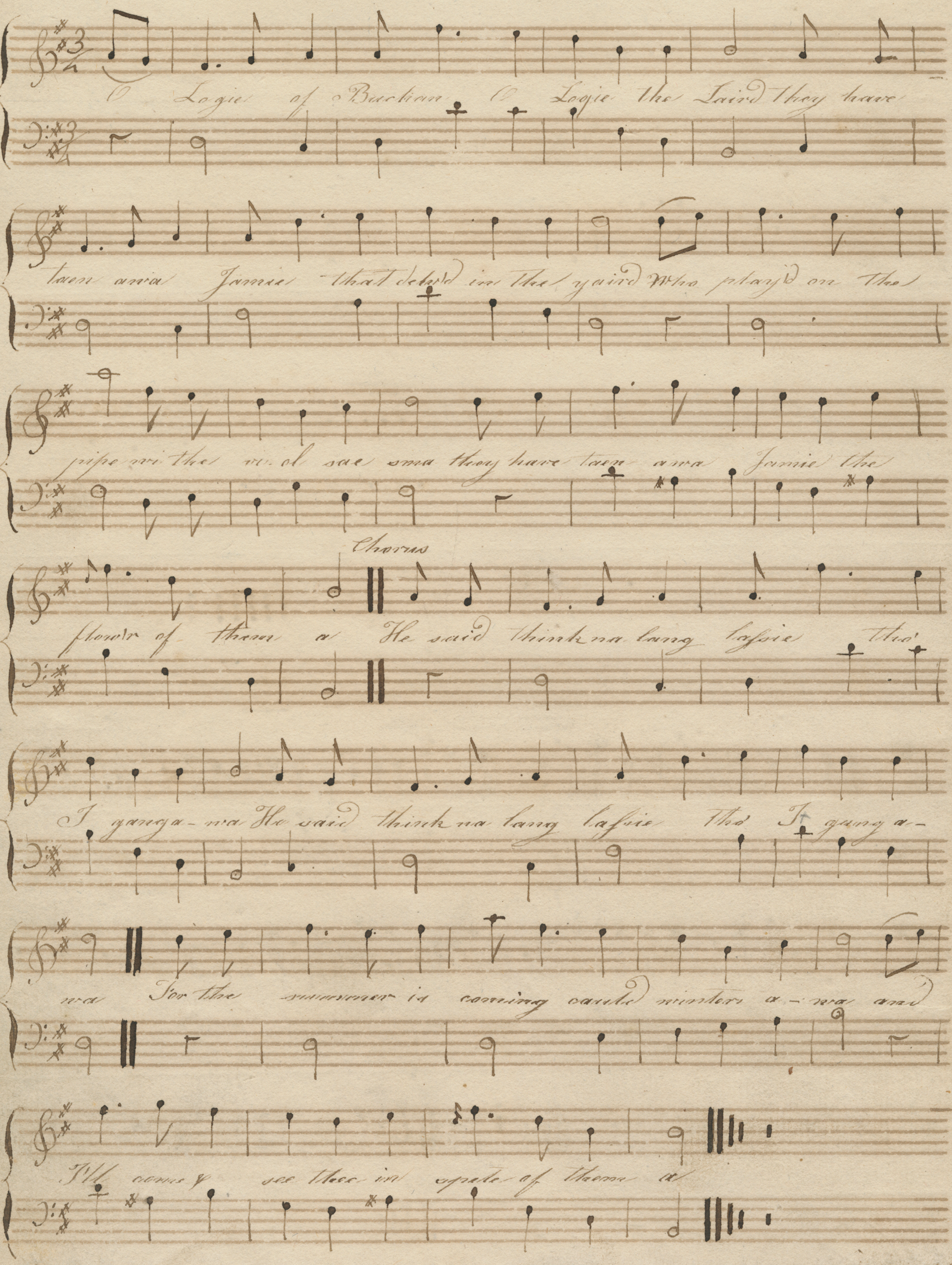
The Twins of Latona


The twins of Latona so kind to my
bosom rise to partake of the chase & Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair
moon & a smile to the smiles of her face But the sports I de-light
in, the bright queen of Love with myrtles my brows shall a-

Jorn whilst Puss breaks his chanter & skulks in the grave Ex-
call'd by the sound of the Horn by the sound of the Horn-
Sy.
Ex-call'd by the sound of the Horn
𝄋 The dogs are uncoupled &
sweet is their cry but sweeter the notes of sweet echoes
Sy.
Sy.
reply sweet e-cho sweet e-cho hark forward hark
forward the game is in view but Love is the game that I wish to pur-


me but Love is the game that I wish to pursue
The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps
and his sentence he hears in the gate yet flies till intangled in
fear & in doubt his courage & constancy fail surrounded by
foes he pre-pares for the fray des pair taking place of his fear with
antlers erected a-while stands at bay then surrenders his life with a
Slow
piano
tear
Da Capo al Segno

Logie of Buchan

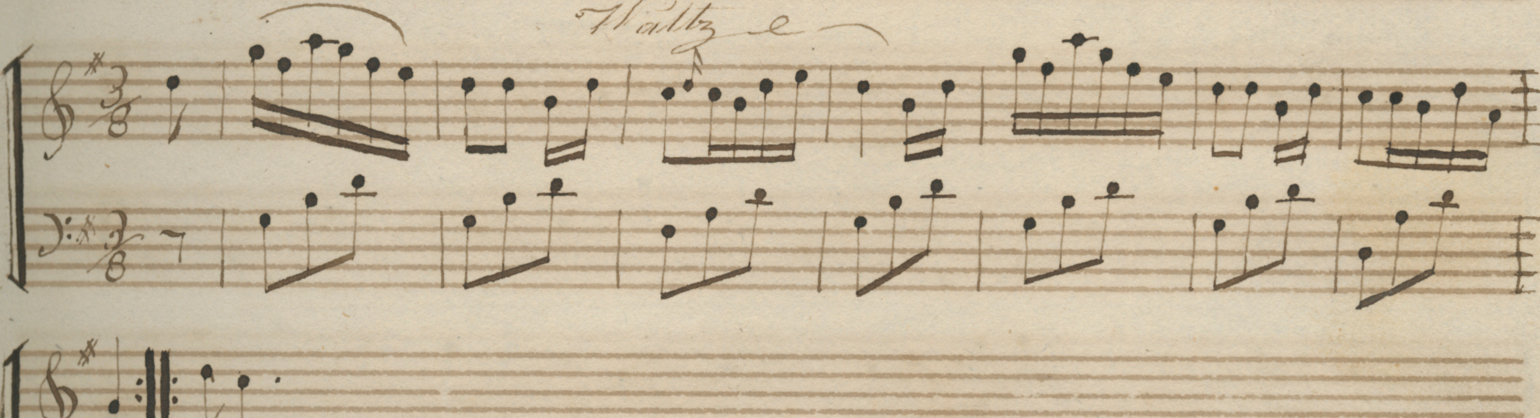

O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the Laird they have
taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yaird Who play'd on the
pipe wi the viol sae sma they have taen awa Jamie the
flow'r of them a
Chorus
He said think na lang laſsie tho'
I gang a-wa He said think na lang laſsie tho' I gang a-
wa For the summer is coming cauld winter's a-wa and
I'll come & see thee in spite of them a'

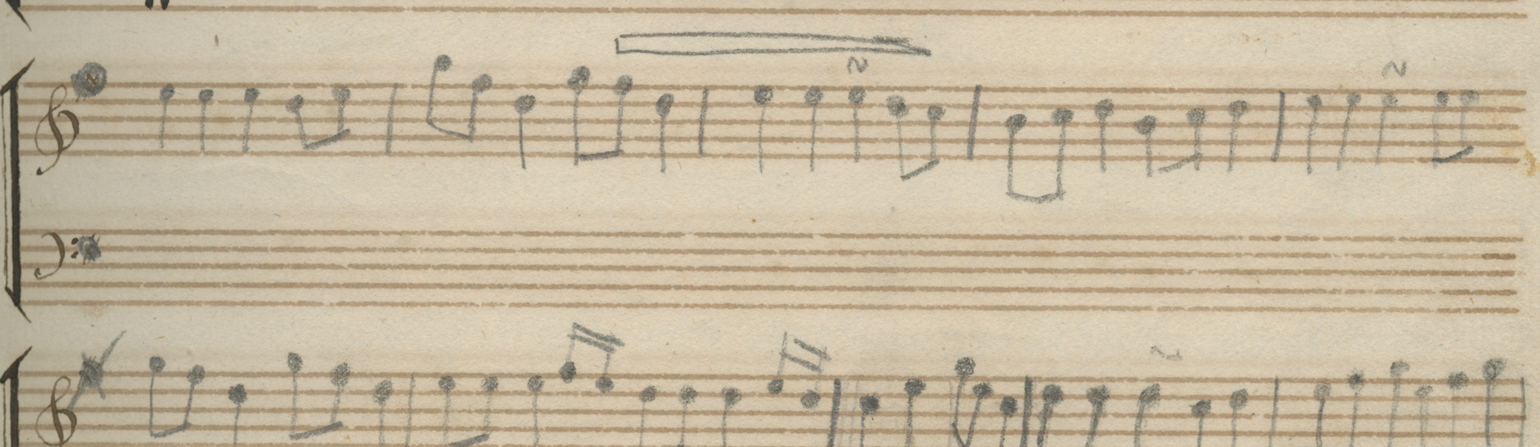
Sandy has owsen has gear & has kye
A house & a hadden & siller forby
But I'd take mine ain lad wi' his staff in his hand
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses & land
Cho. He said &c

My daddy looks sulky my minnie looks sour
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor
Tho' I loe them as weel as a daughter should do
They are nae half sae dear to me Jamie as you
Cho. He said &c

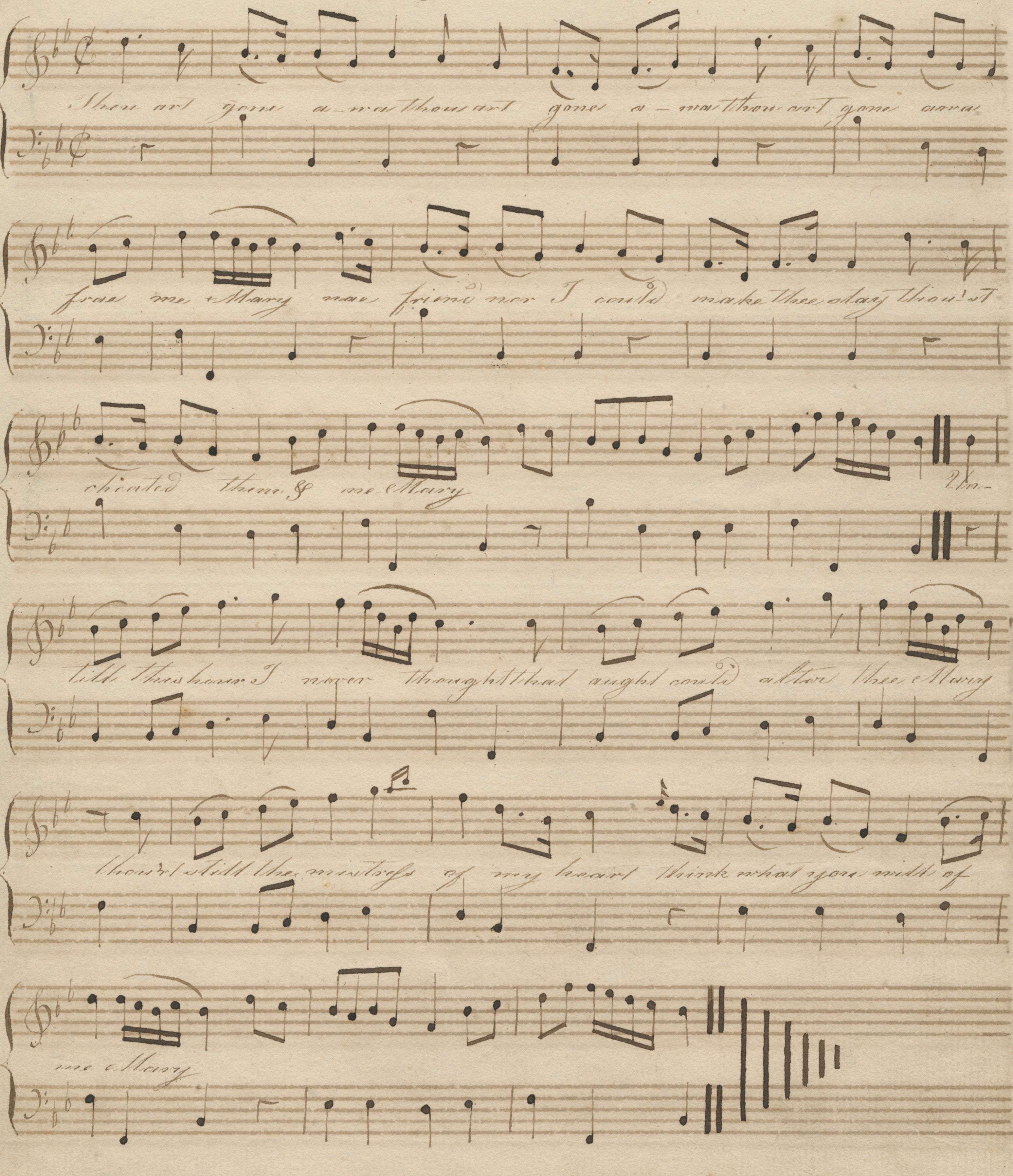
I sit on my creepie I spin at my wheel
And think on the Laddie that loed me sae weel
He had but ae saxpence he brak it in twa
And he gied me the half of it when he gaed awa
Cho. Then haste ye back Jamie & bide nae awa &c

Waltz





Mary


Thou art gone awa thou art gone awa thou art gone awa
frae me Mary nae friend nor I could make thee stay thou'st
cheated them & me Mary
Un-
till this hour I never thought that aught could alter thee Mary
thou'rt still the mistress of my heart think what you will of
me Mary

right and left, balance, ladies change promenade 4

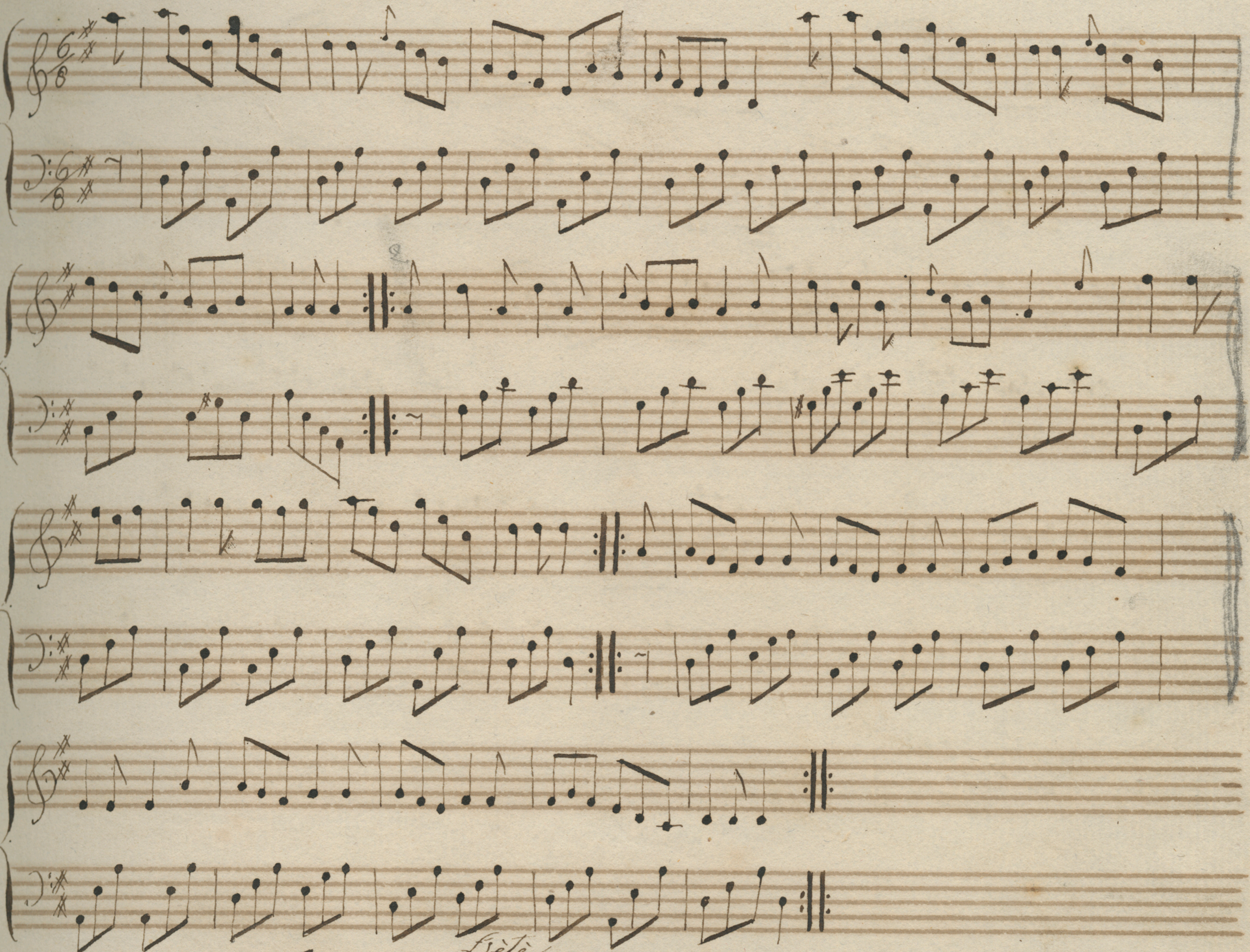
forward two and back

eight hands cross

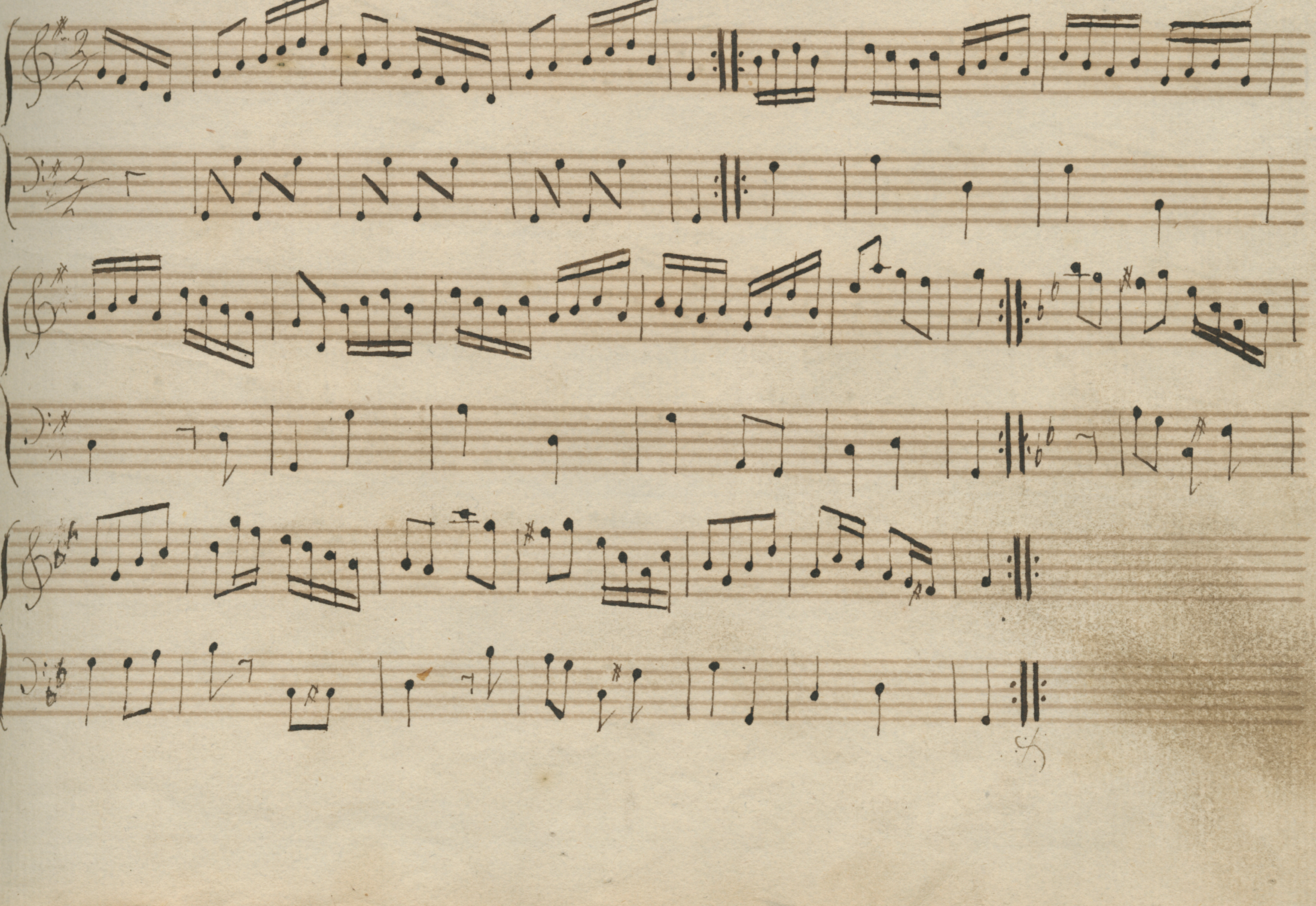
[illegible]

Cotillons

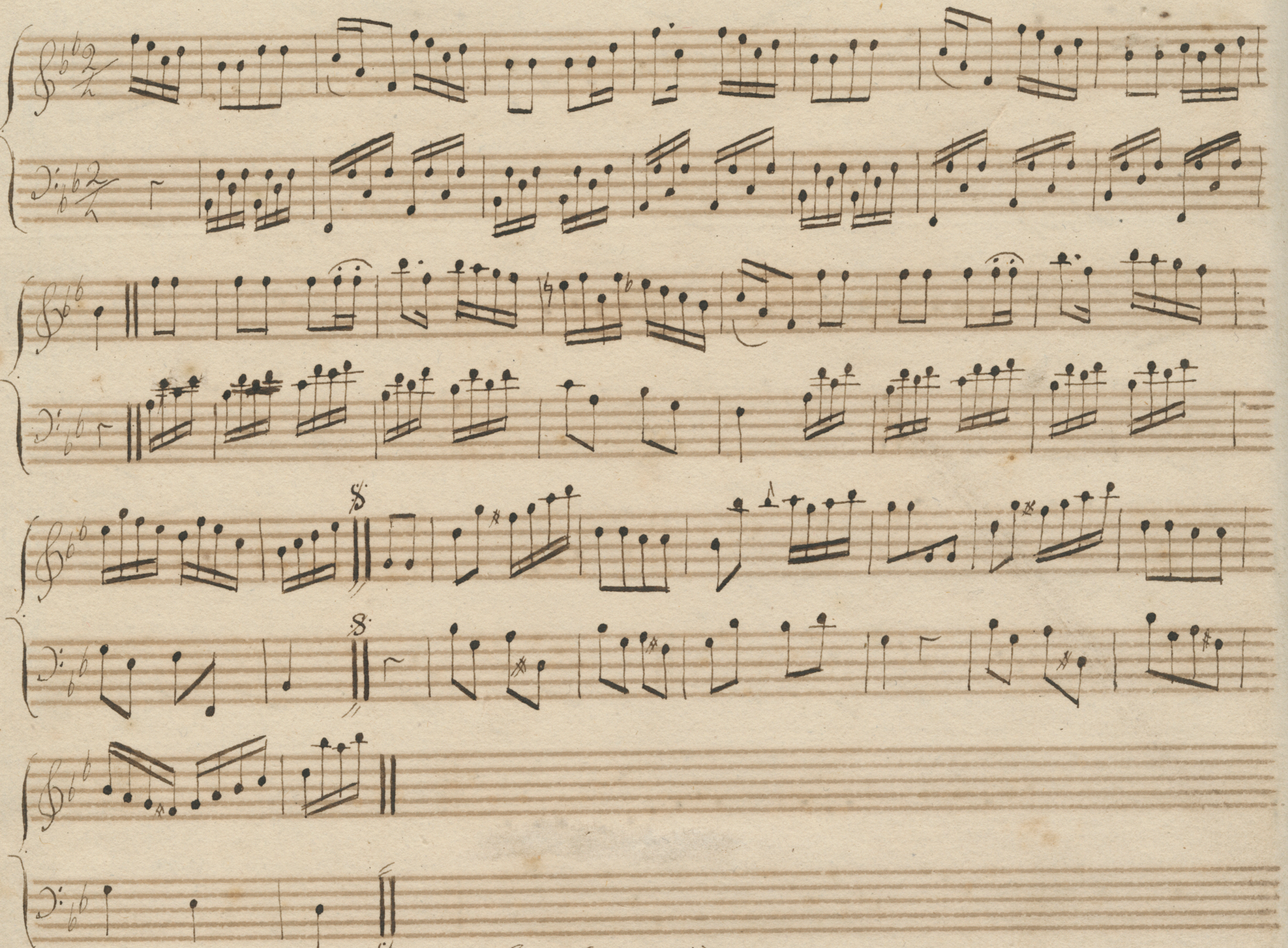
La Depart de Morlaix



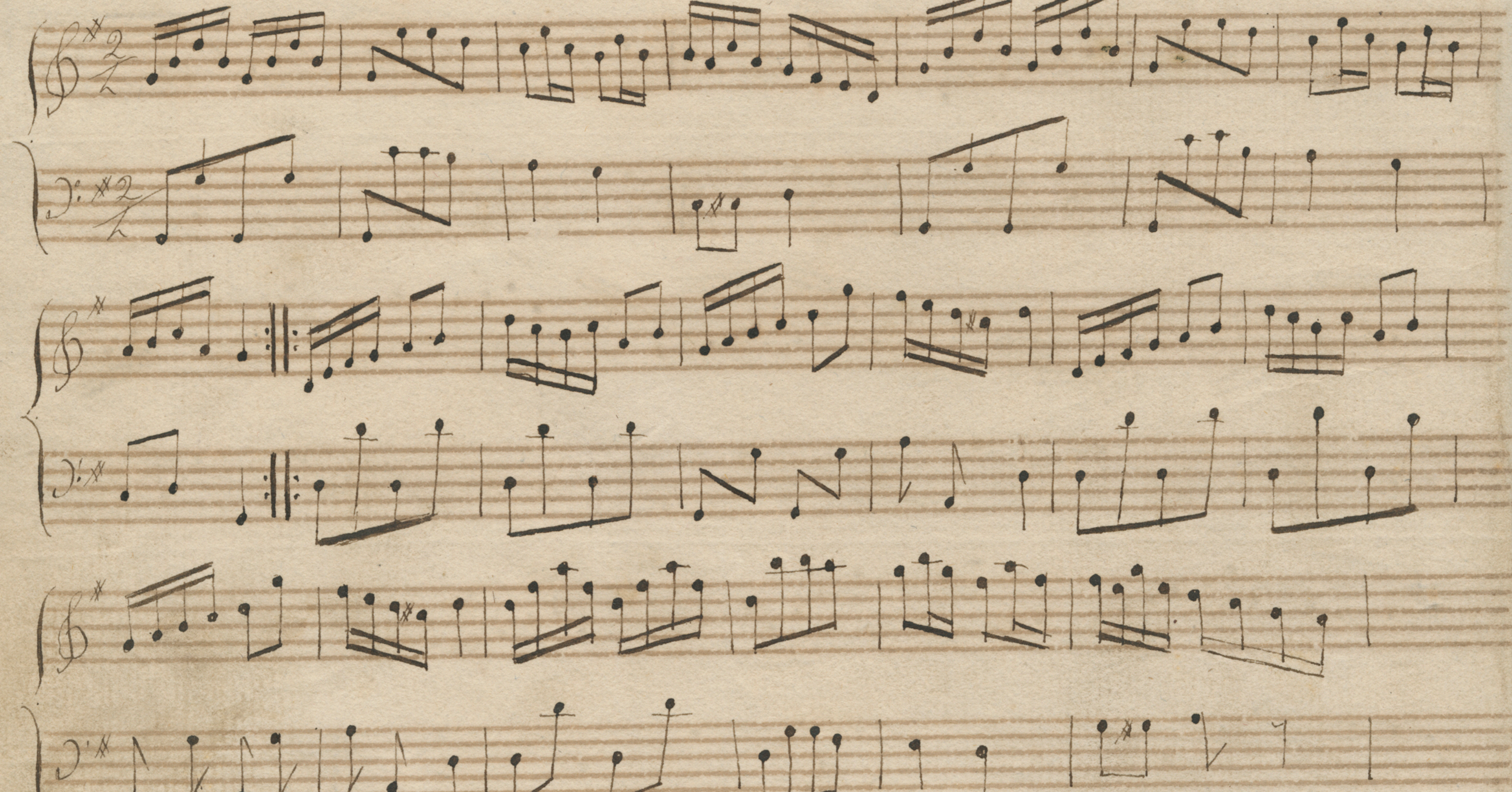
L'été

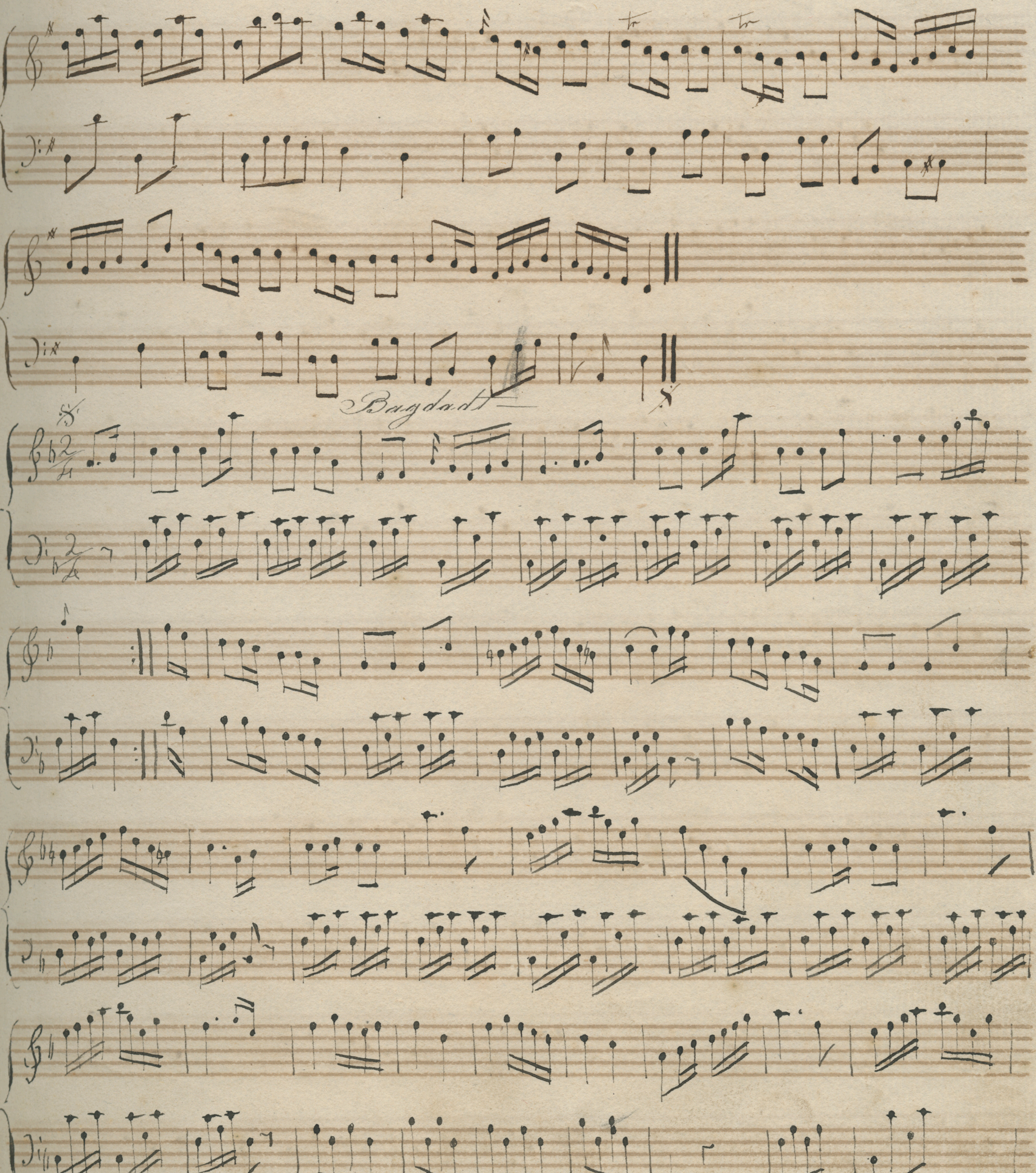


La Poule

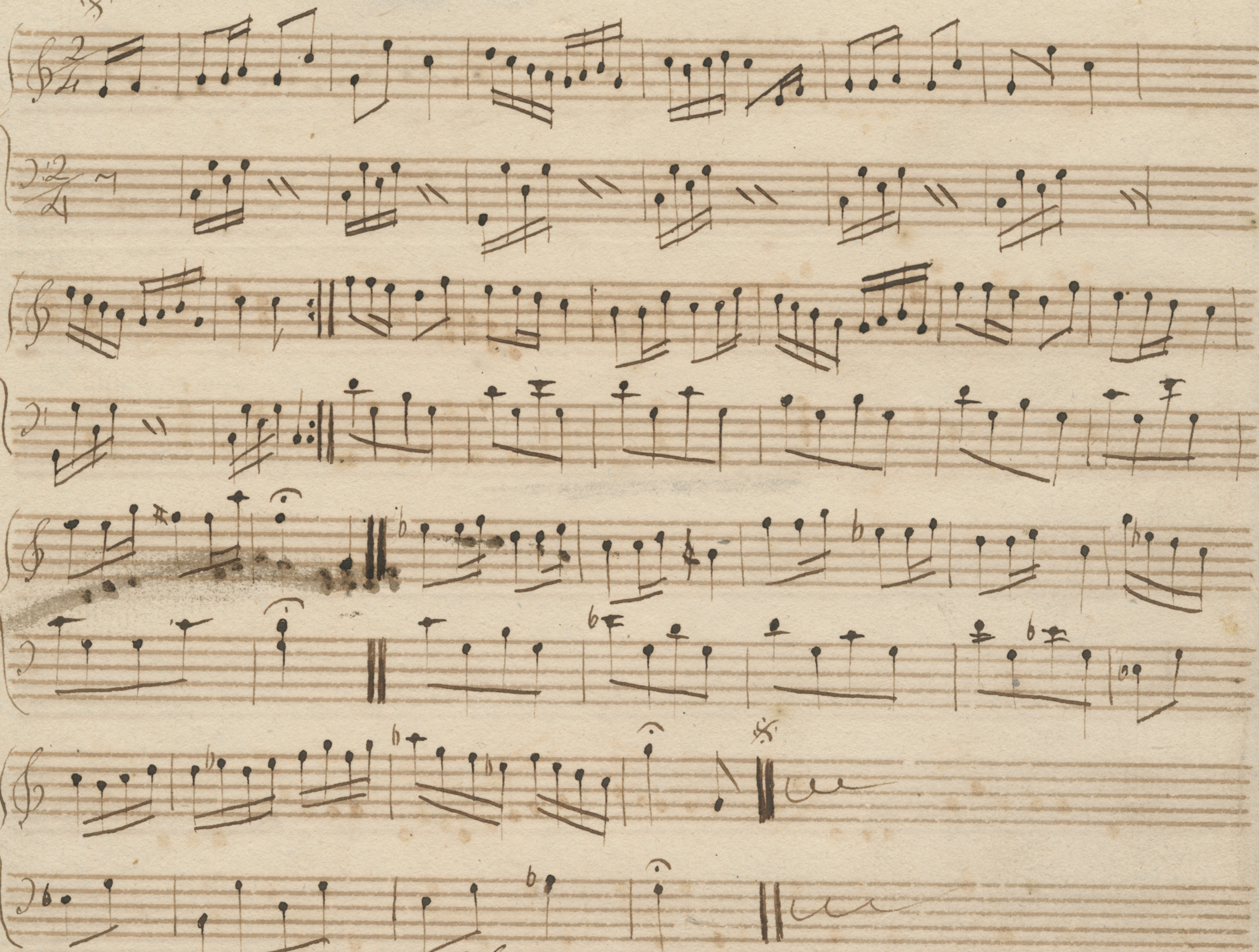


La Prisonnière

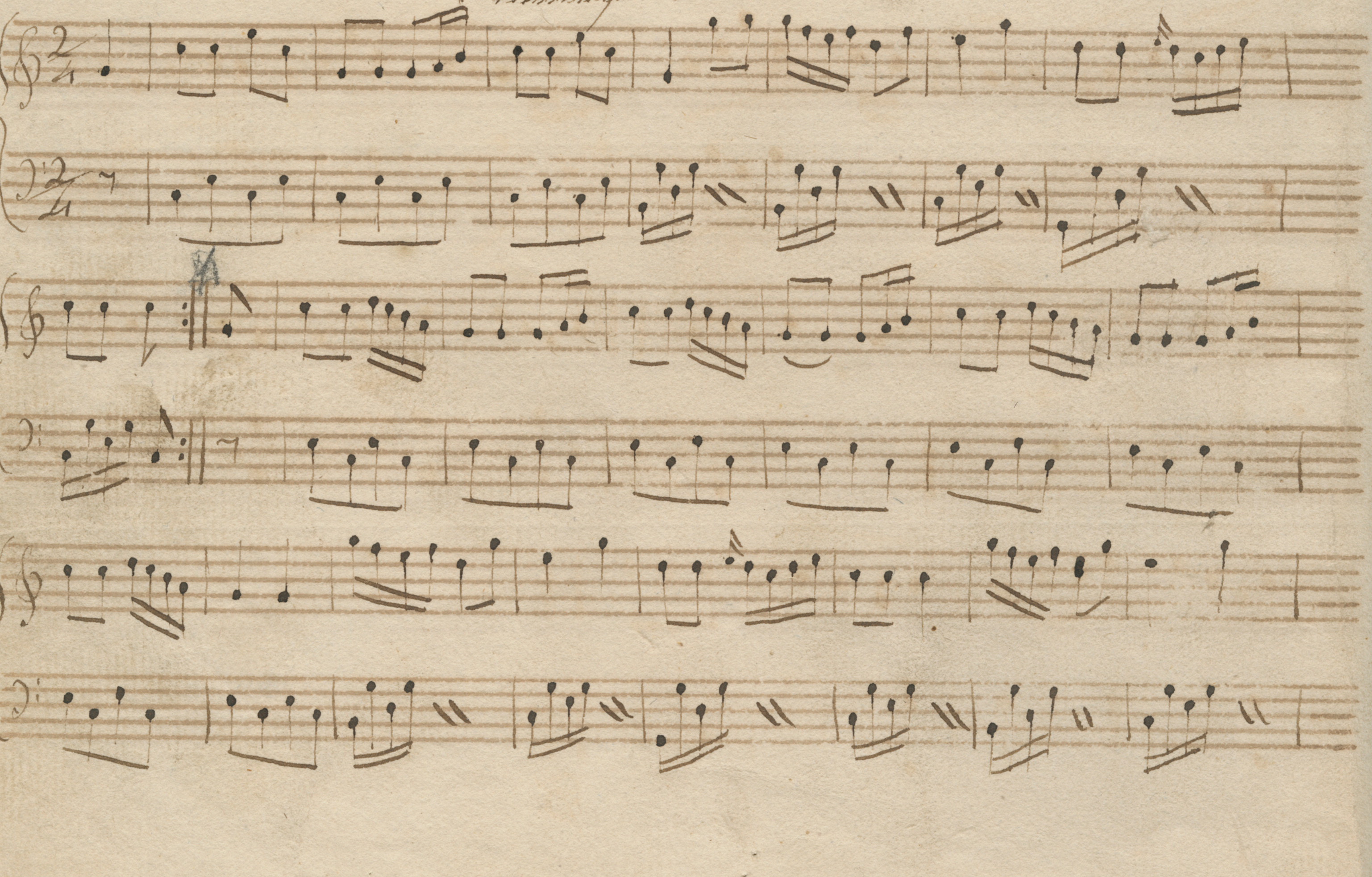


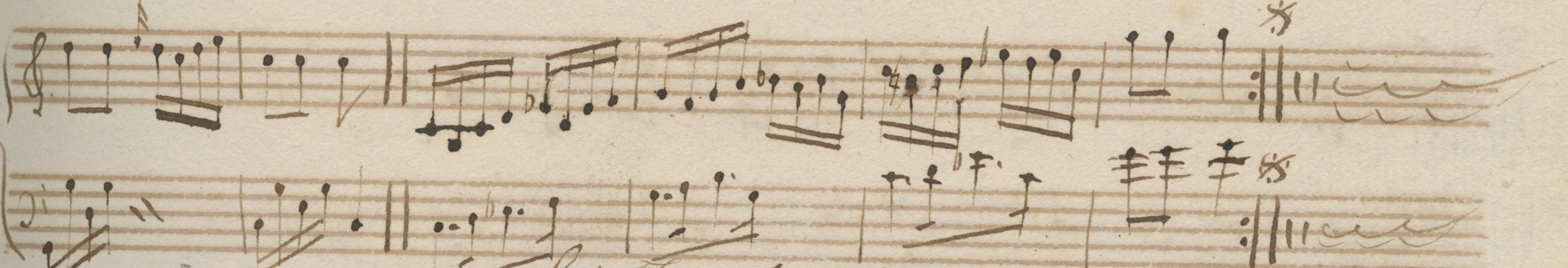

Bagdadt
Waltz

La Guingette

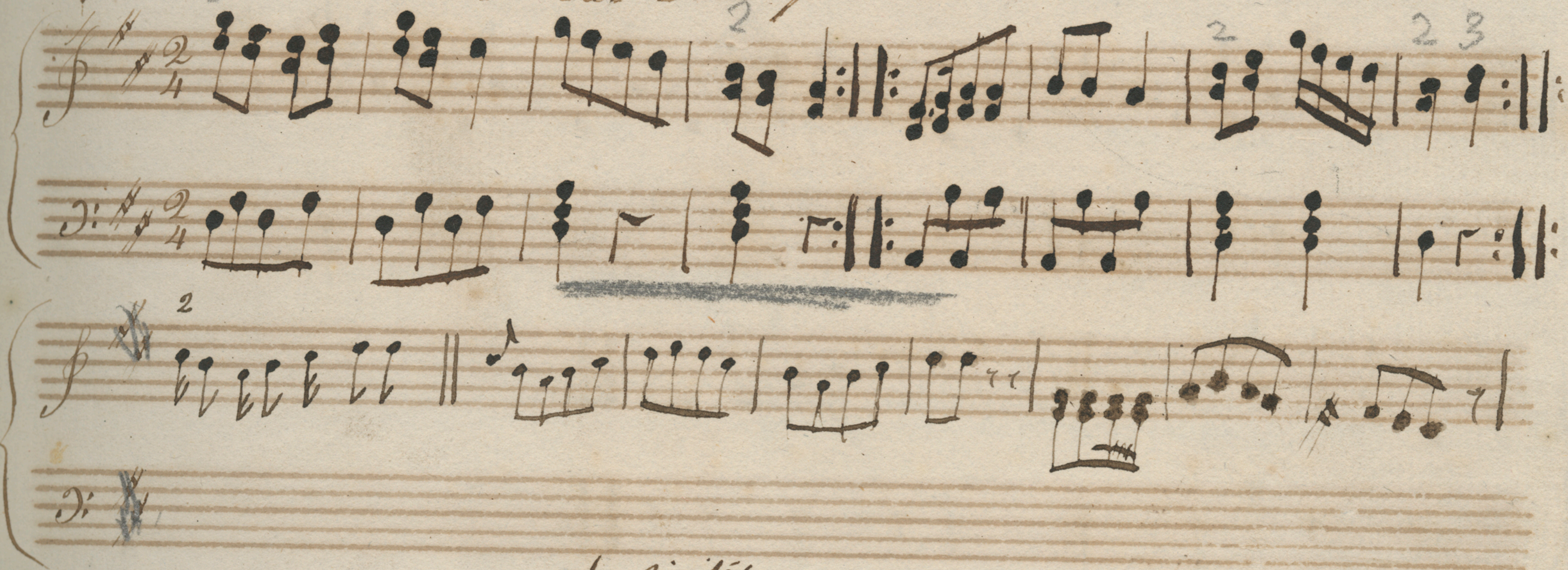


Telemaque

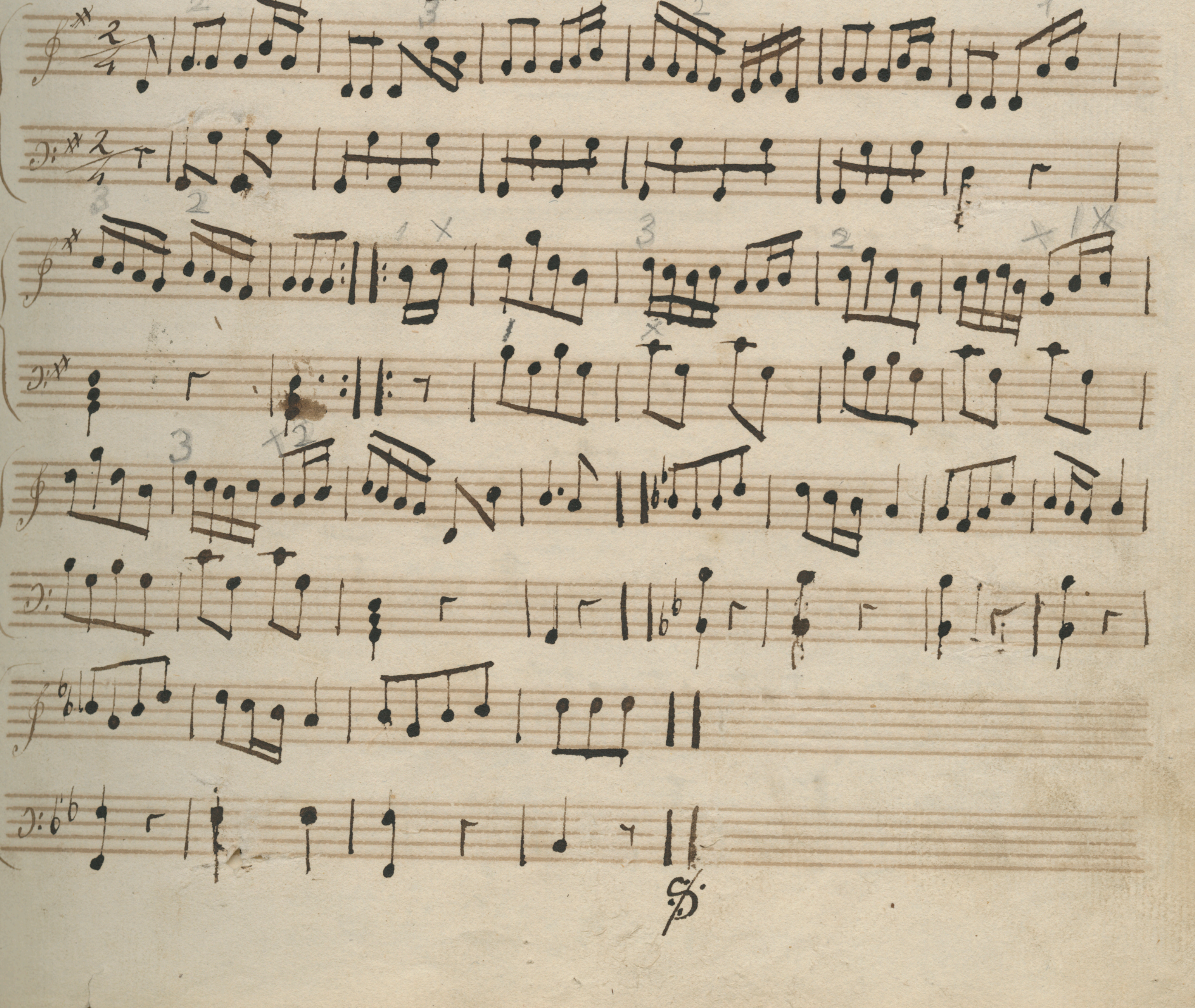




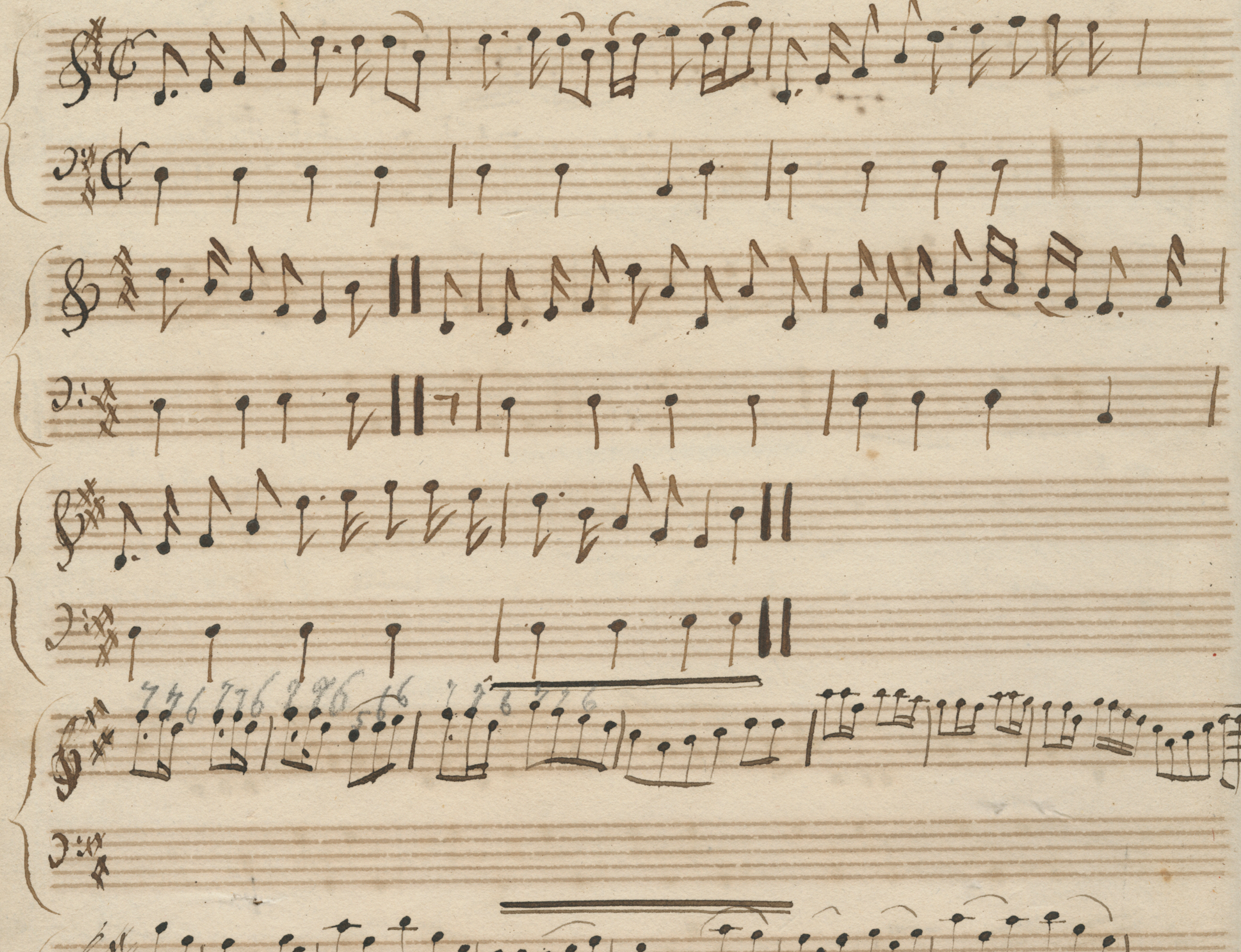
La Trompeuse

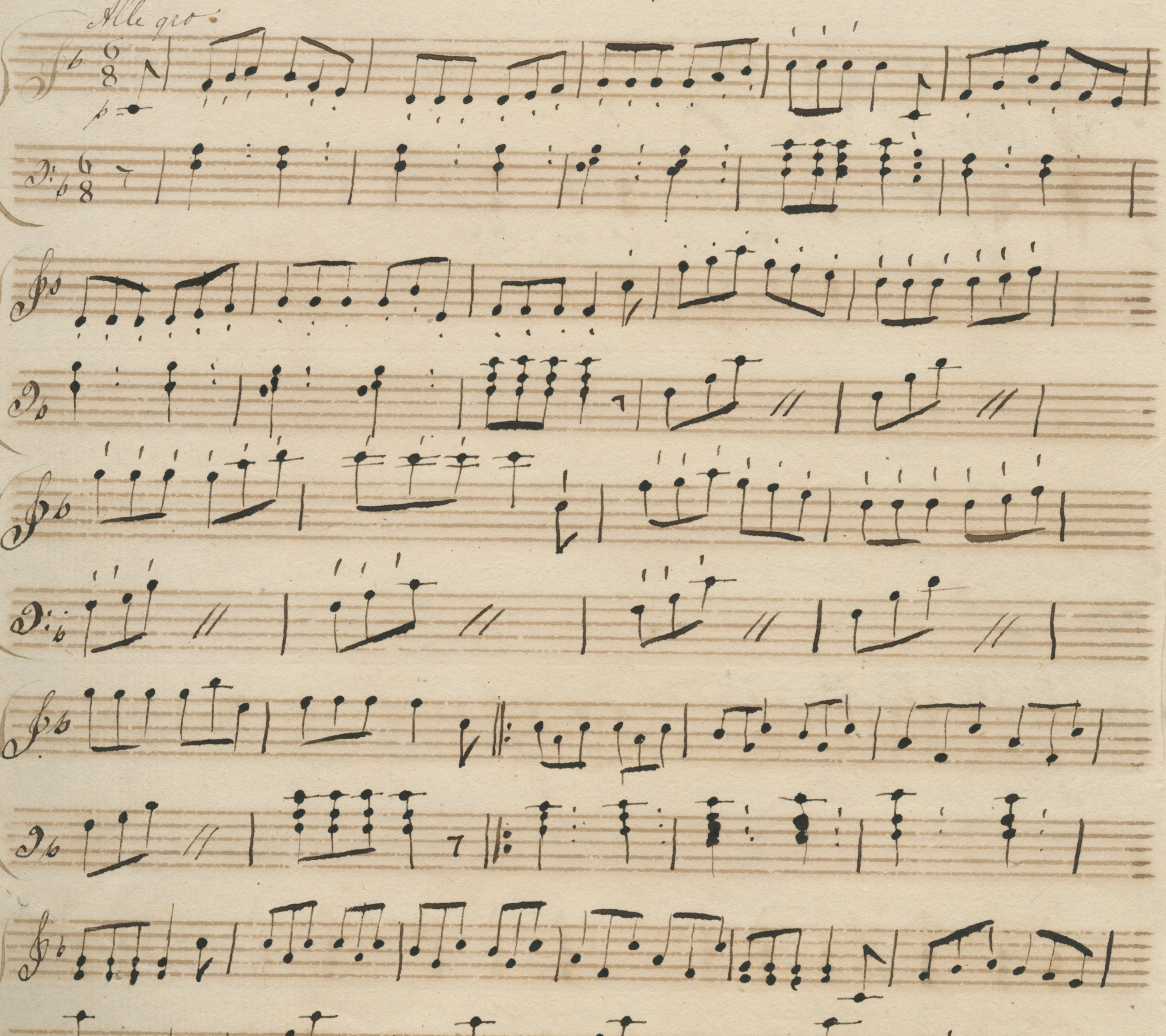


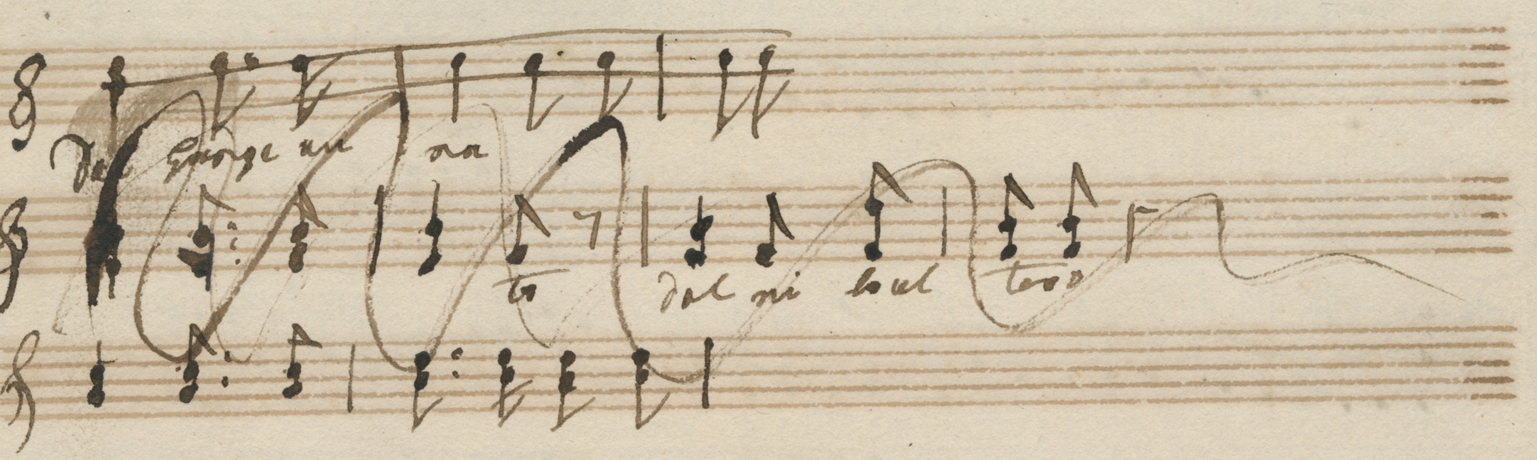
Les visités

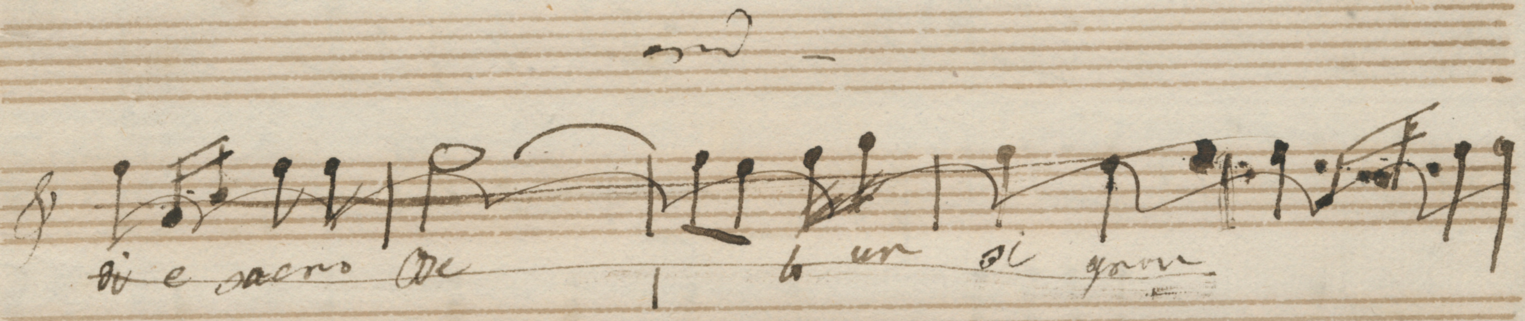


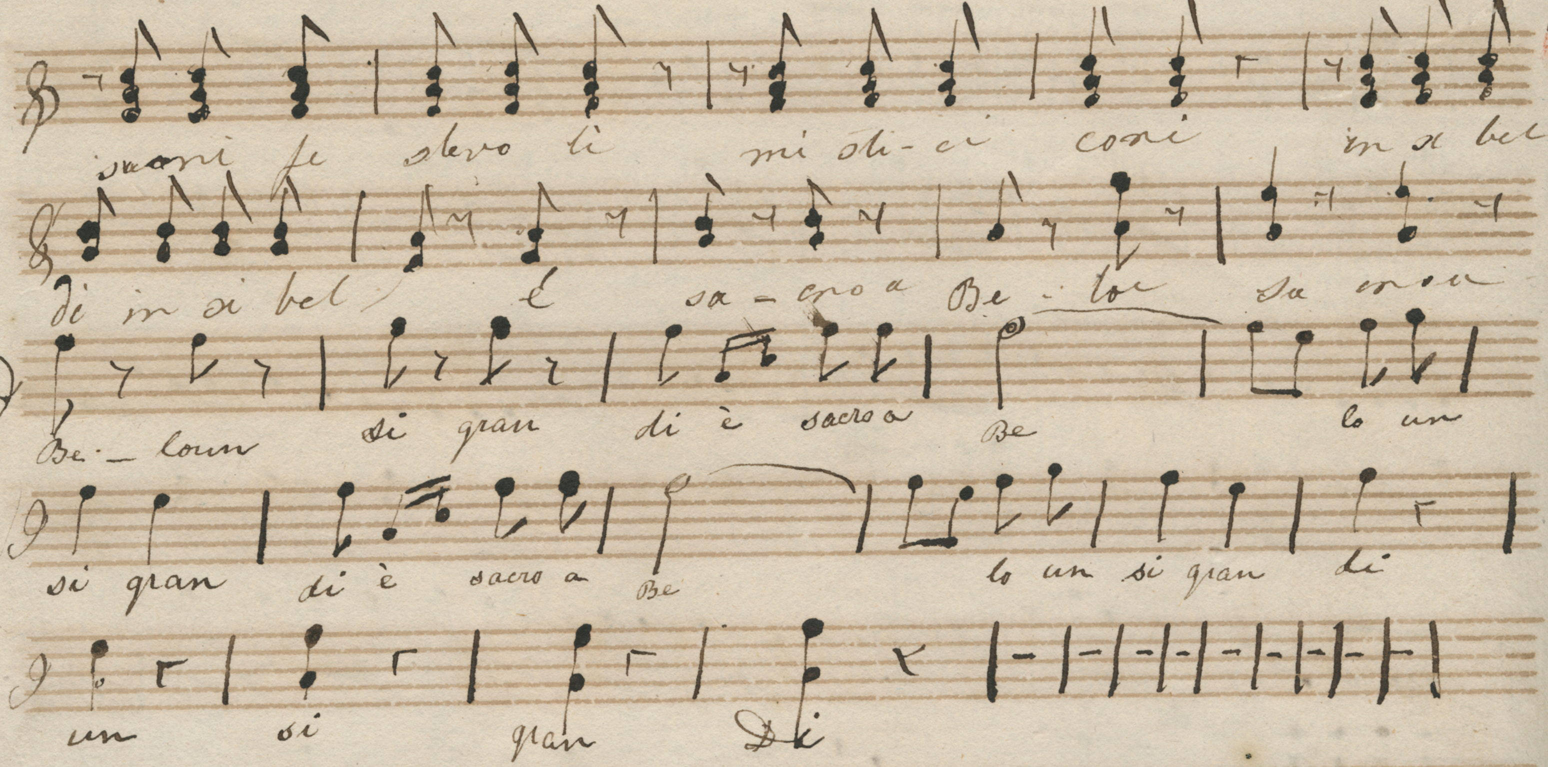
Birks of Aberfeldy —



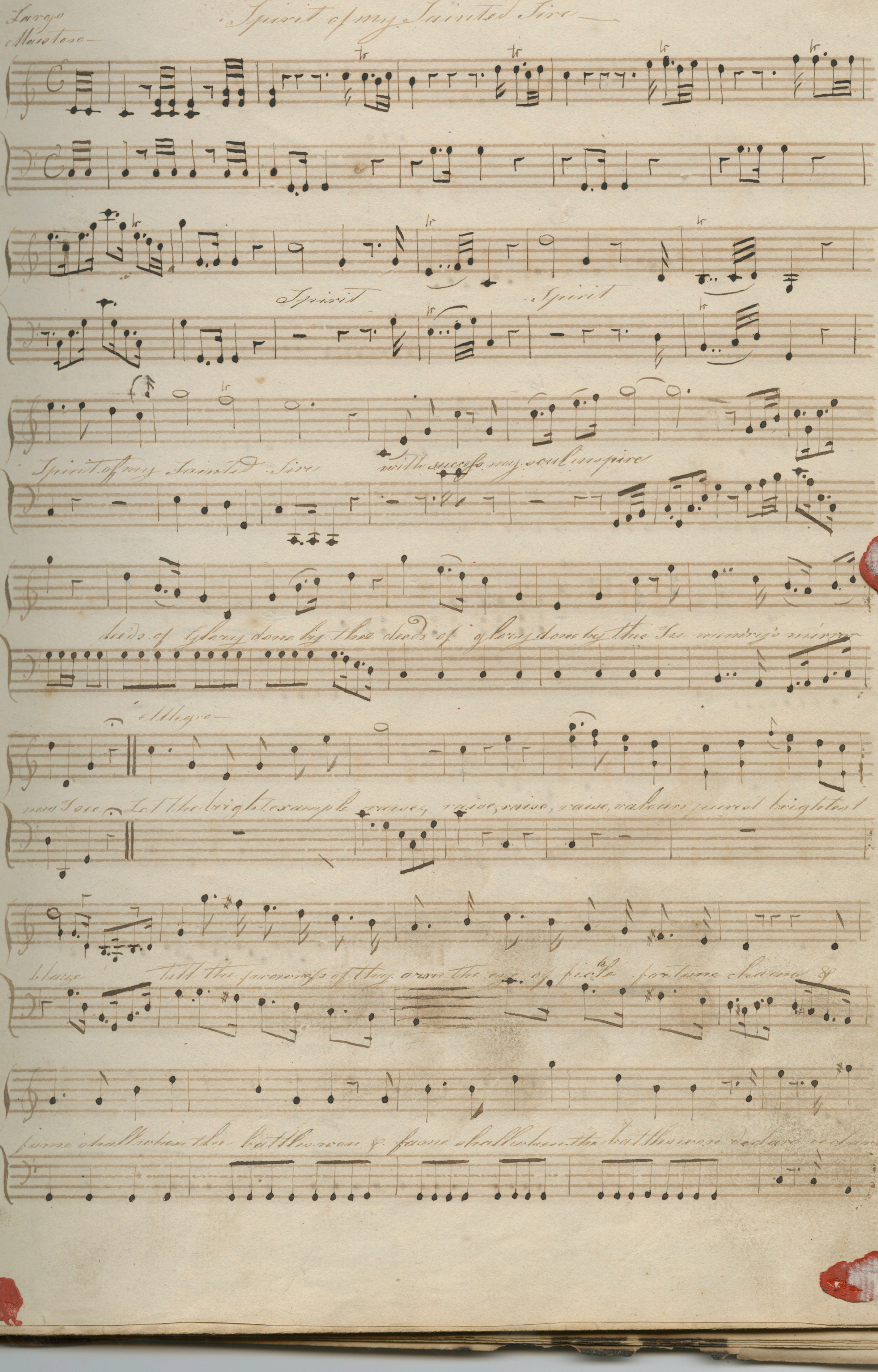

Allegro
p
p

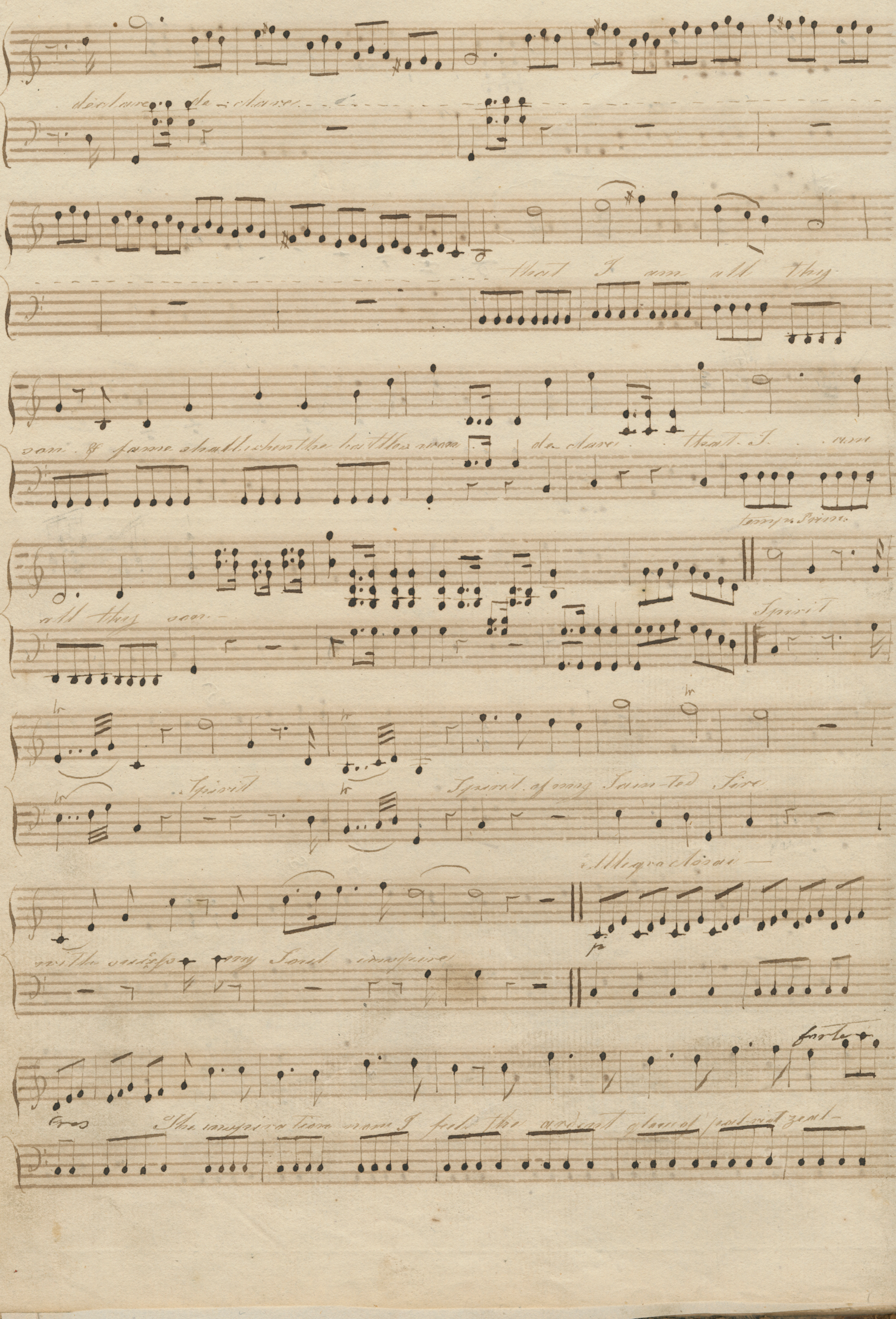

Del Sorge un ora
to dol ni bel tero

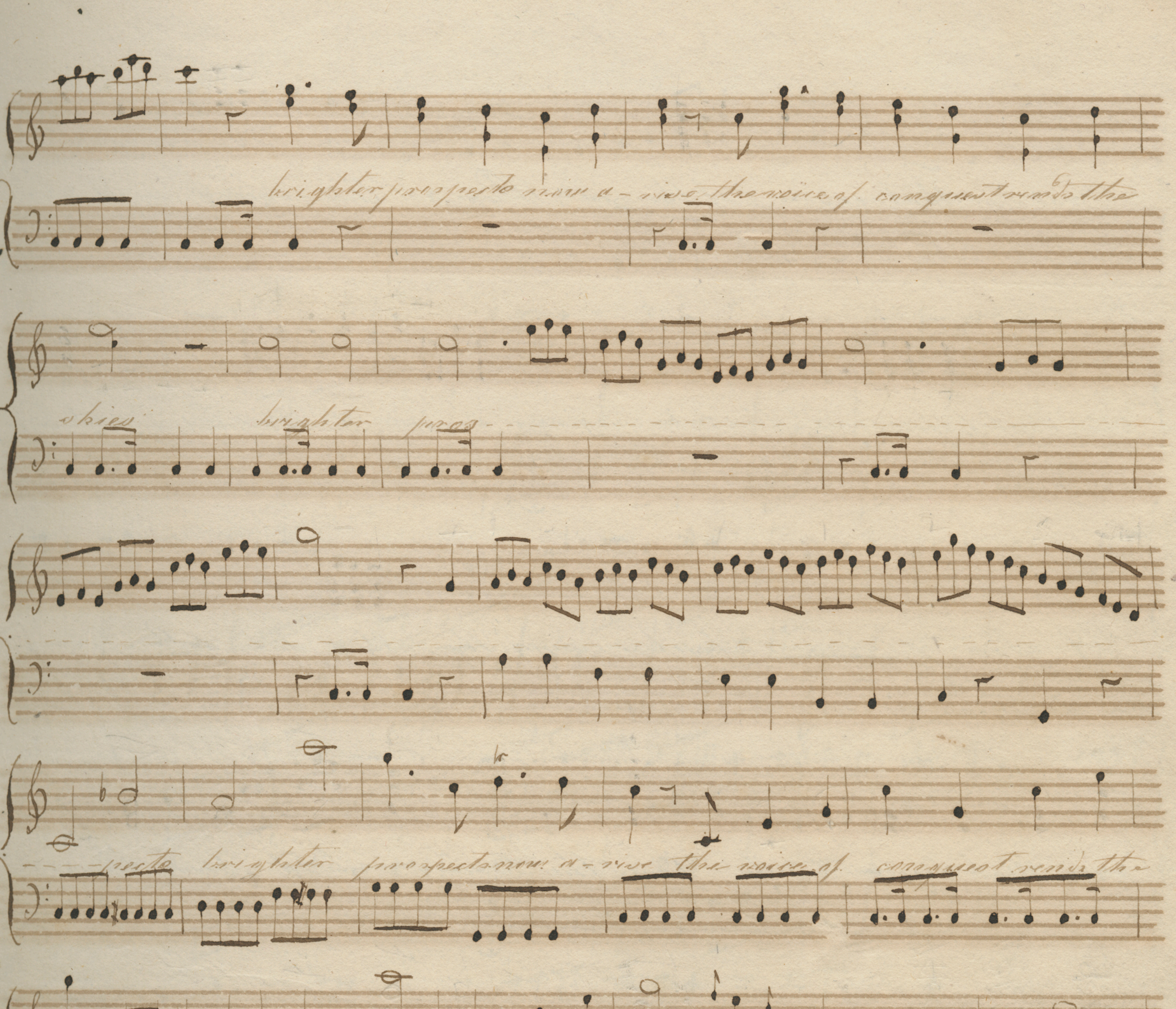

ond –
di e sacro Be lo un si gran


saori fe slevo li mi oli-ci cori in si bel
di in si bel È sa-cro a Be-lo sa cora
Be-loun si gran di è sacro a Be lo un
si gran di è sacro a Be lo un si gran di
un si gran Di

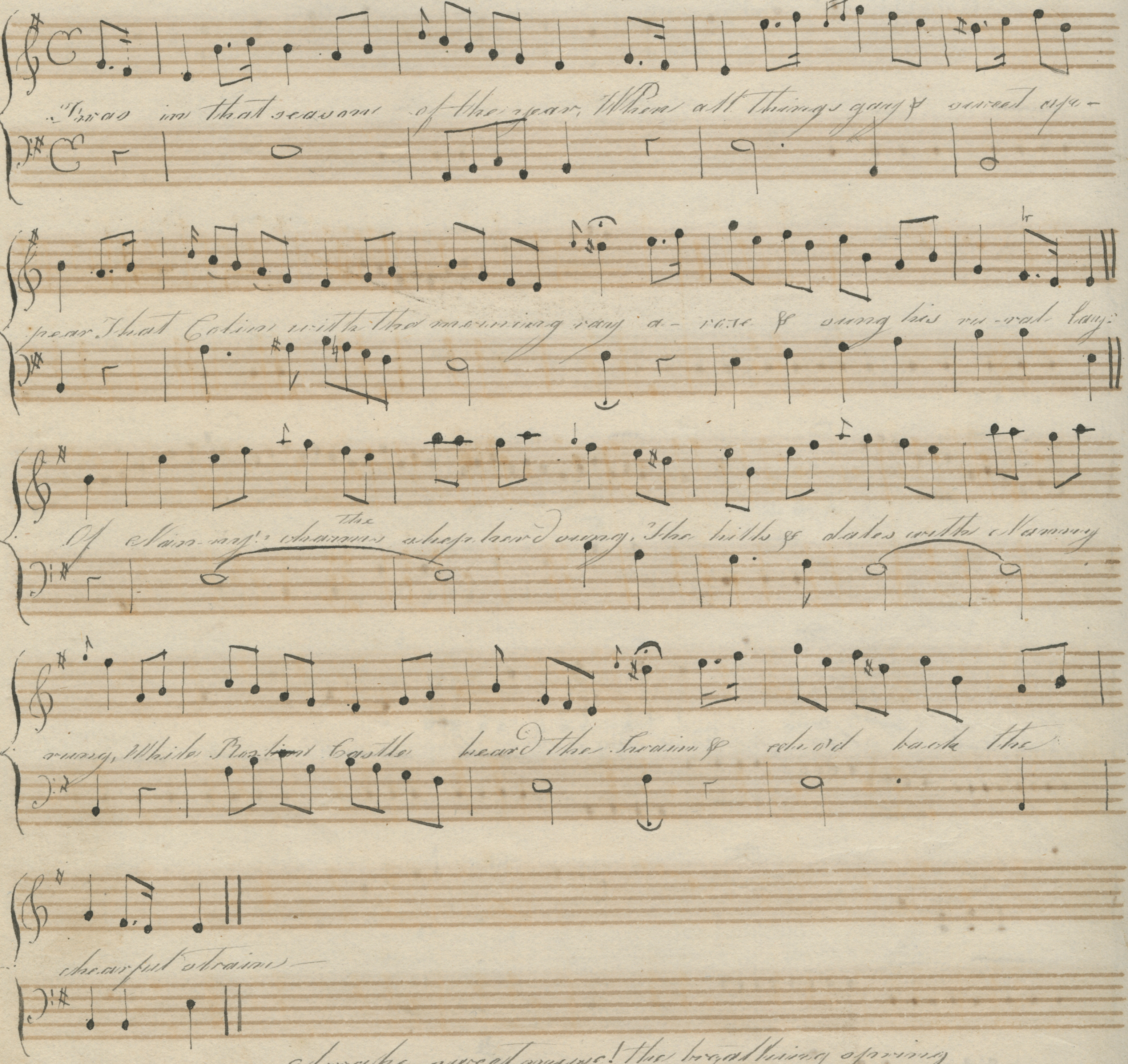
Spirit of my Sainted Sire


Largo
Maestoso
Spirit
Spirit
Spirit of my Sainted Sire with success my soul inspire
deeds of Glory done by thee deeds of glory done by thee Be memory's mirror
Allegro
now Sire. Let the bright example raise, raise, raise, raise, valours purest brightest
blaze till the prowess of thy arm the eye of fickle fortune charms &
fame shall when the battle won & fame shall when the battle won declare declare


declare de - clare
that I am all thy
son. & fame shall, when the battles won de-clare that I am
tempo Primo
all thy son -
Spirit
tr
Spirit
Spirit of my Sain-ted Sire
Allegro Moderato —
with thy zeal my Soul inspire
p
forte
Cres
The inspiration now I feel the ardent glow of patriot zeal —


brighter prospects now a-rise the voice of conquest rends the
skies brighter pros-
-pects brighter prospects now a-rise the voice of conquest rends the
skies the voice of con-quest rends the
skies

Roslin Castle—


'Twas in that season of the year, When all things gay & sweet ap-
pear, That Colin with the morning ray a- rose & sung his ru-ral lay:
Of Nan-ny's charms the shepherd sung, The hills & dales with Nanny
rung, While Roslin Castle heard the Swain & echo'd back the
cheerful strain—

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake & sing!
Awake & join the vocal throng
Who hail the morning with a song

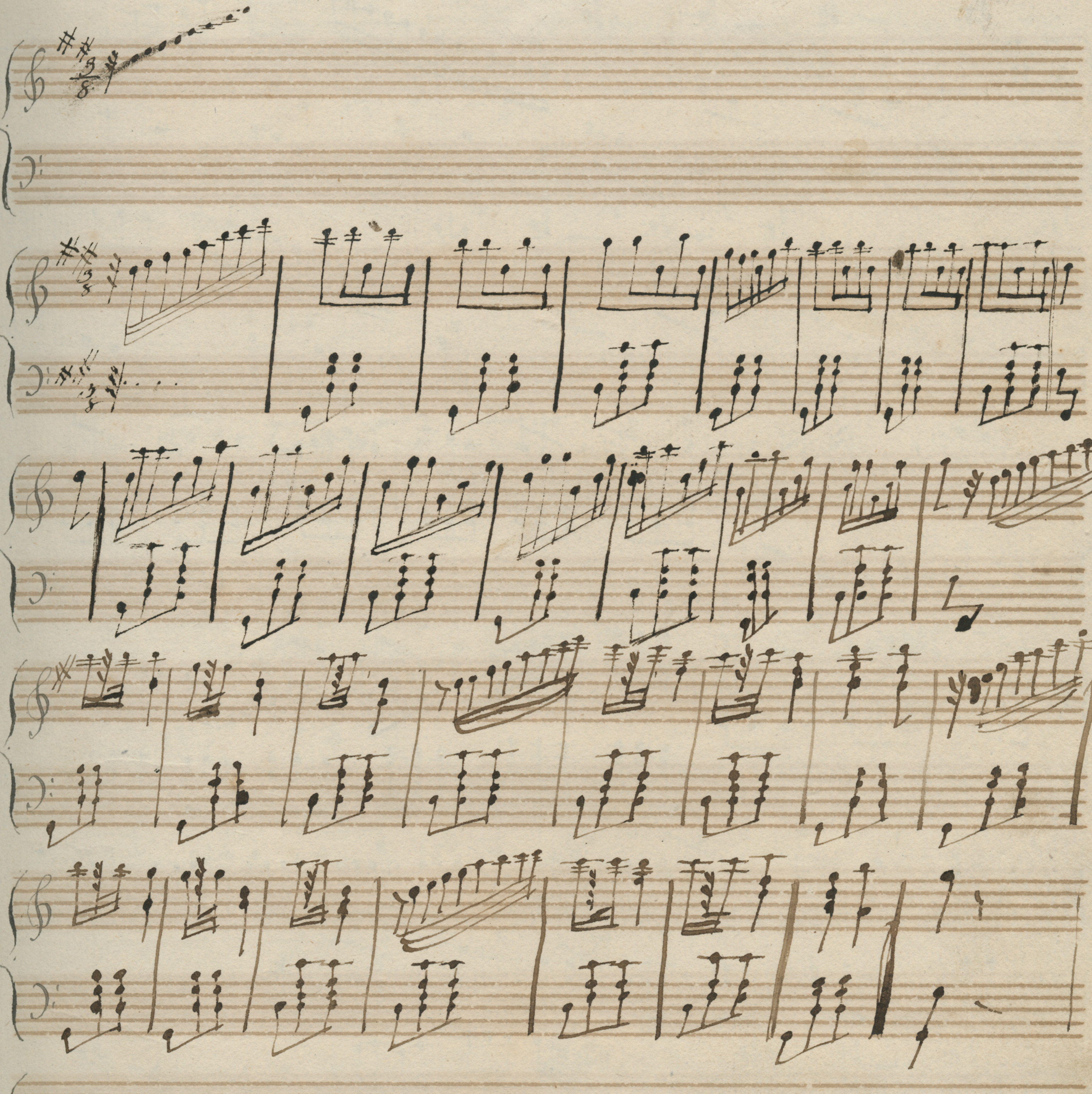
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay
O! bid her haste & come away
In sweetest smiles herself adorn
And add new graces to the morn

O hark my love! on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng
And love inspires the melting song:

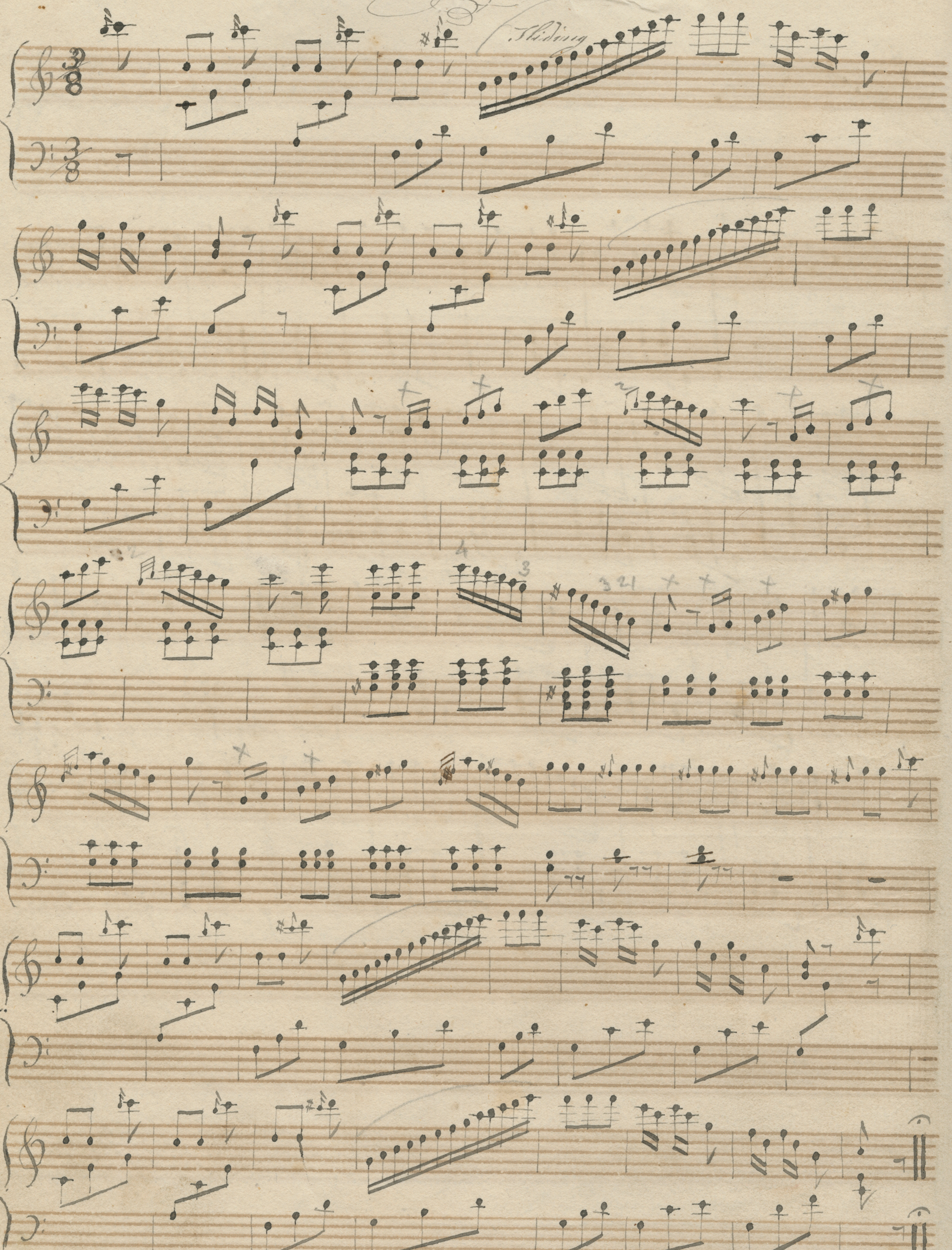
Then let my raptur'd notes arise
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes
And love my rising bosom warms
And fills my soul with sweet alarms

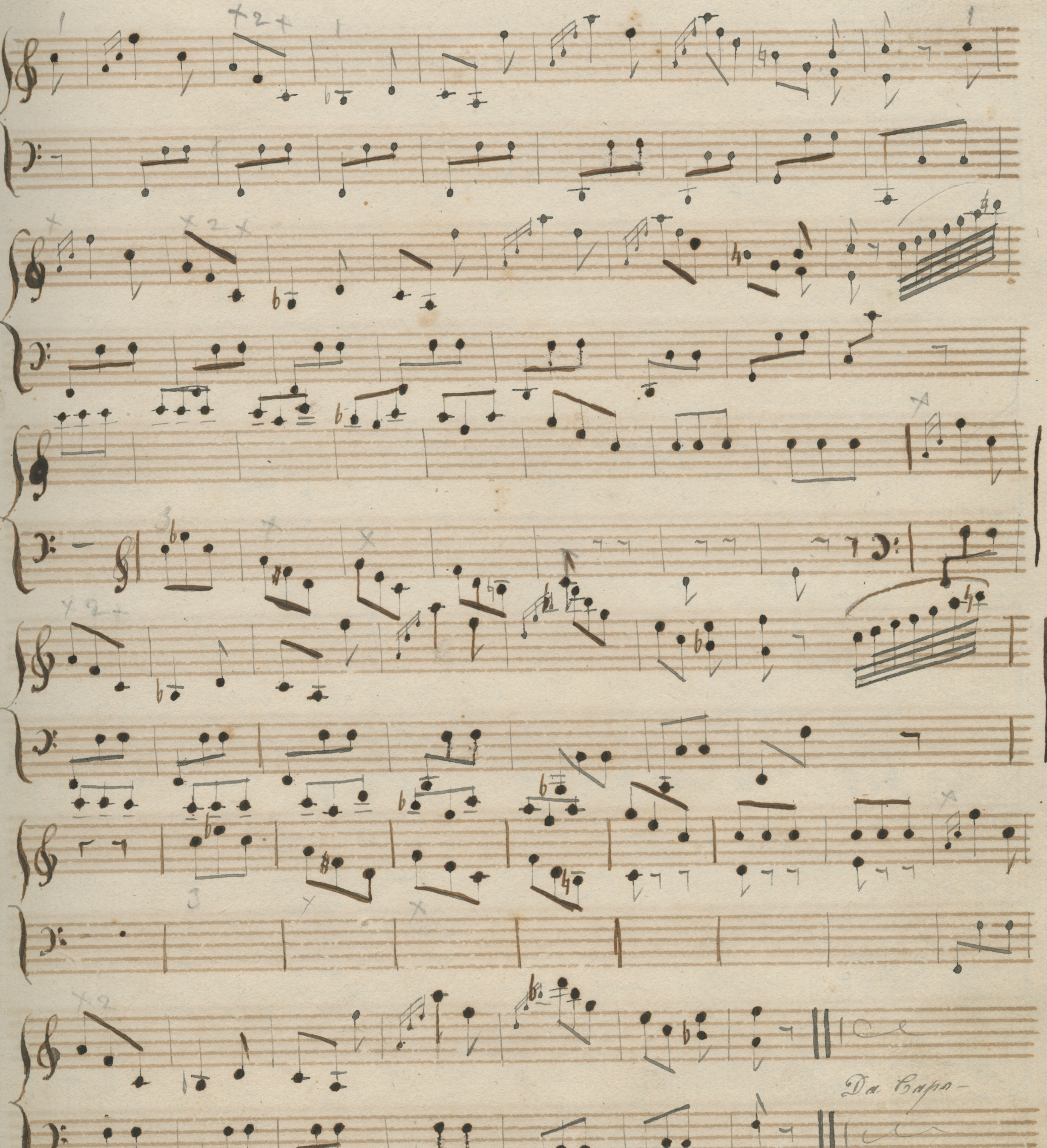
O! come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls O come away!
Come whilst the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine:

O! hither haste & with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring
Those graces that divinely shine
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine

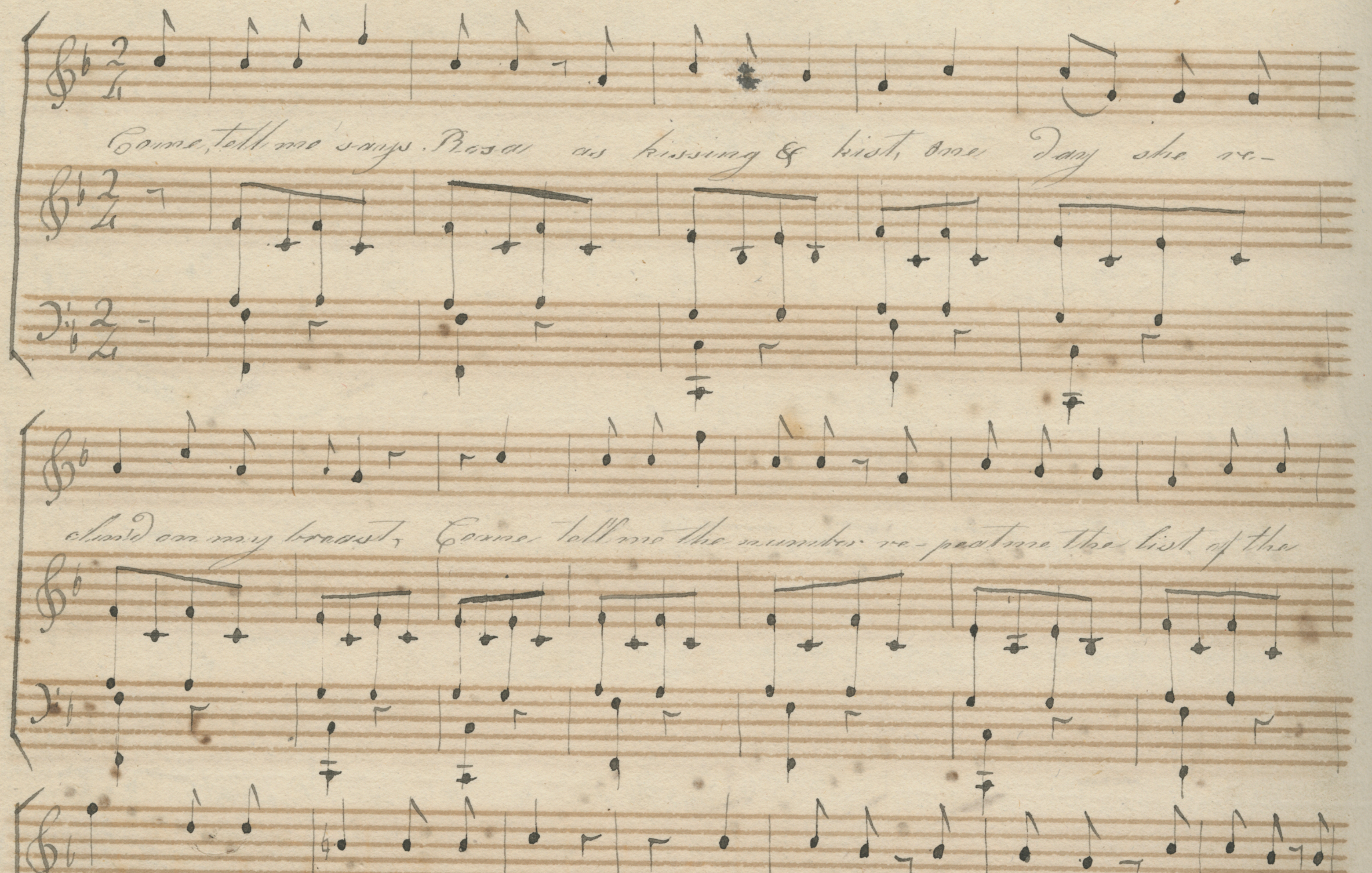


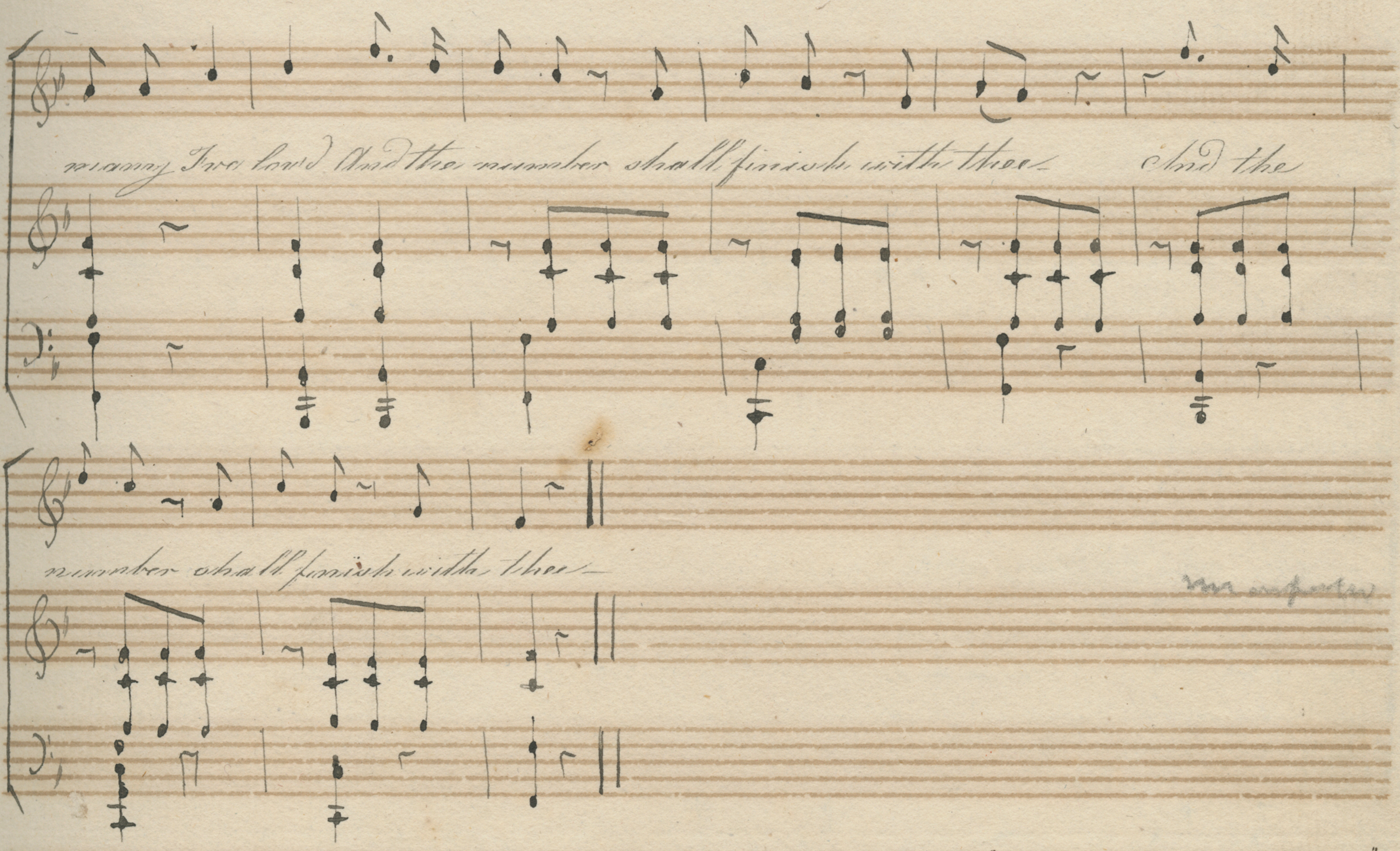
Clementi's Grand Waltz


Sliding
4
3
3 2 1

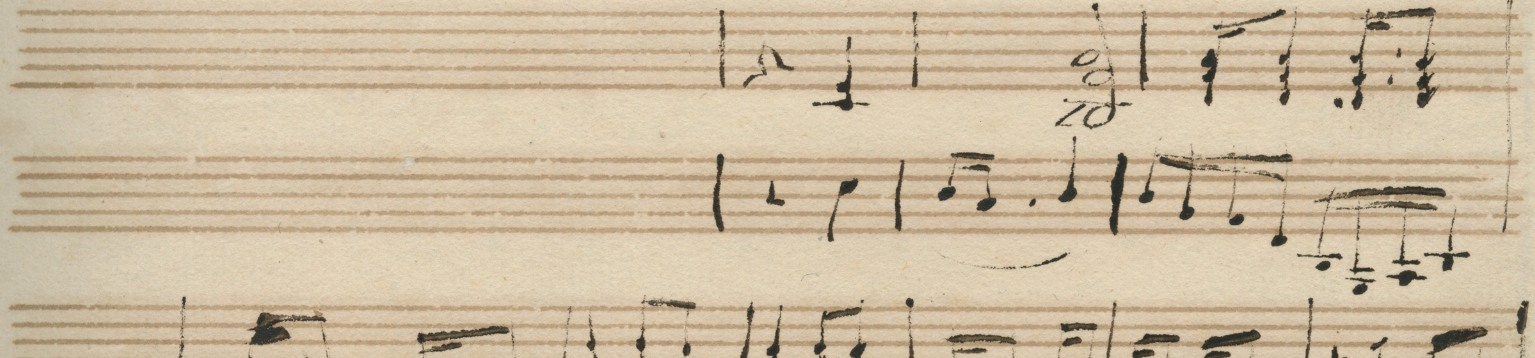

Da Capo

Rosa —

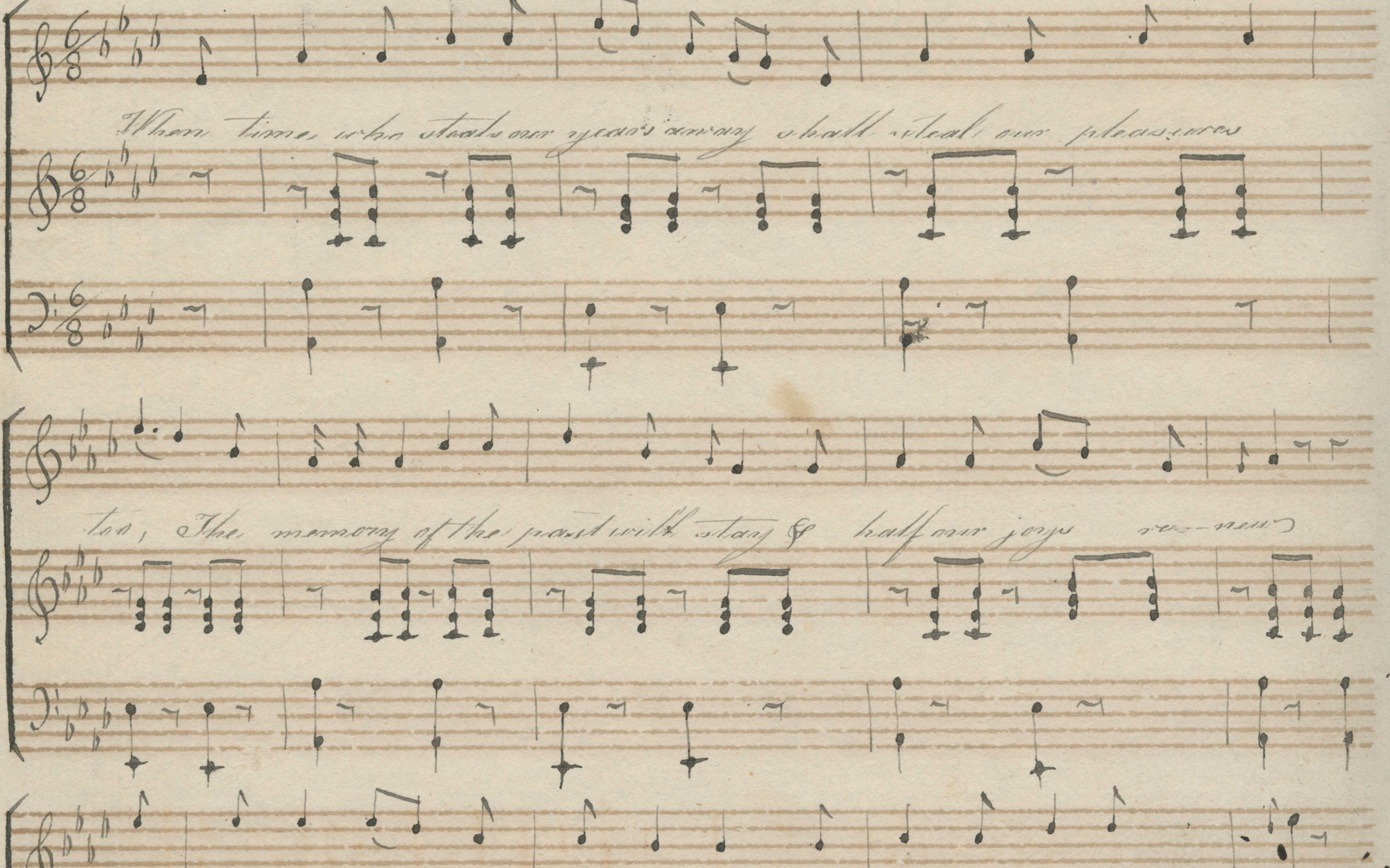

Come, tell me says Rosa as kissing & kist, one day she re-
clin'd on my breast, Come tell me the number re-peat me the list of the
Nymphs you have lov'd & carest Oh! Rosa twas only my fancy that
rov'd my heart at the moment was free- But I'll tell thee my girl, how

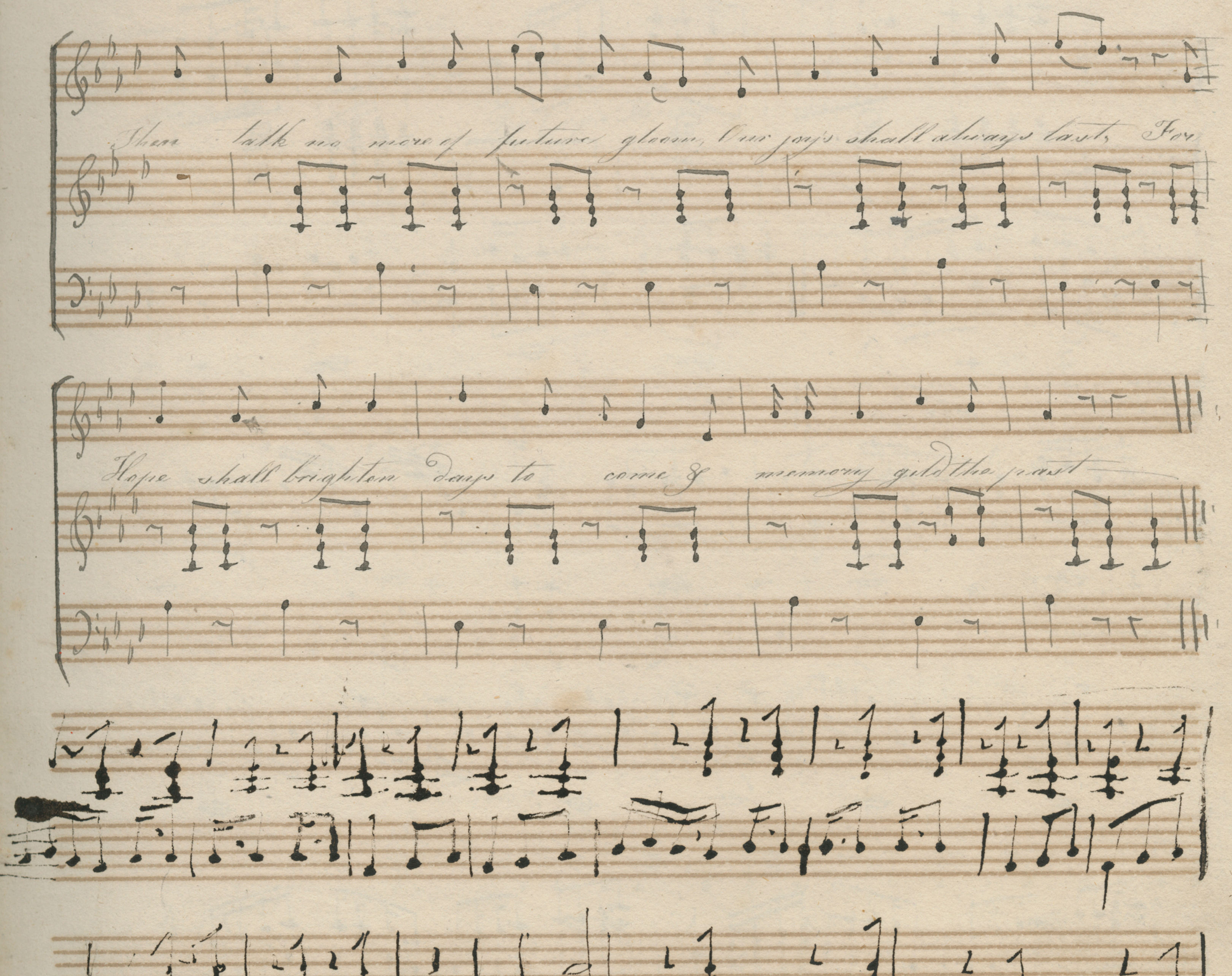

many I've lov'd And the number shall finish with thee— And the
number shall finish with thee—

Mr carpenter

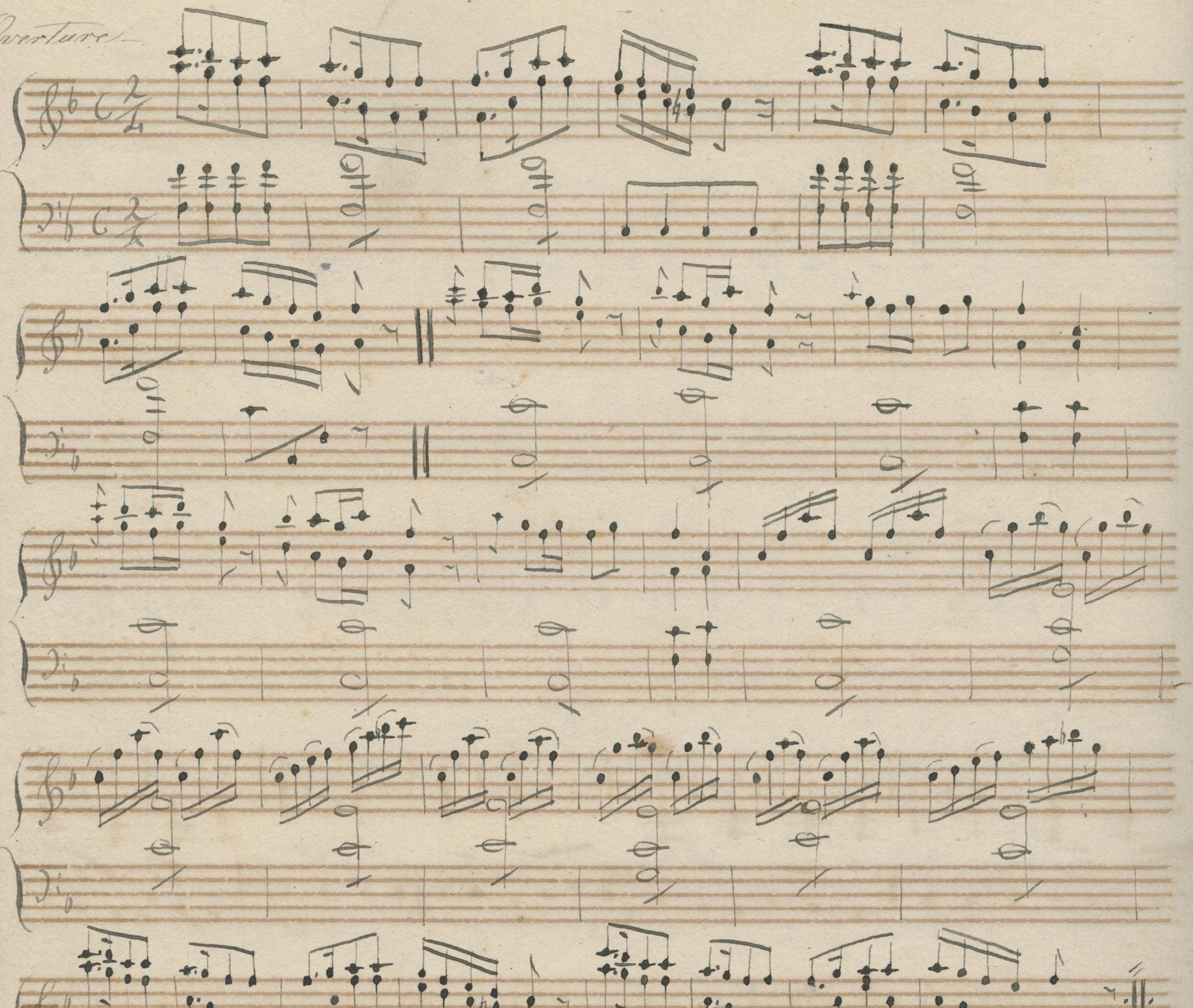


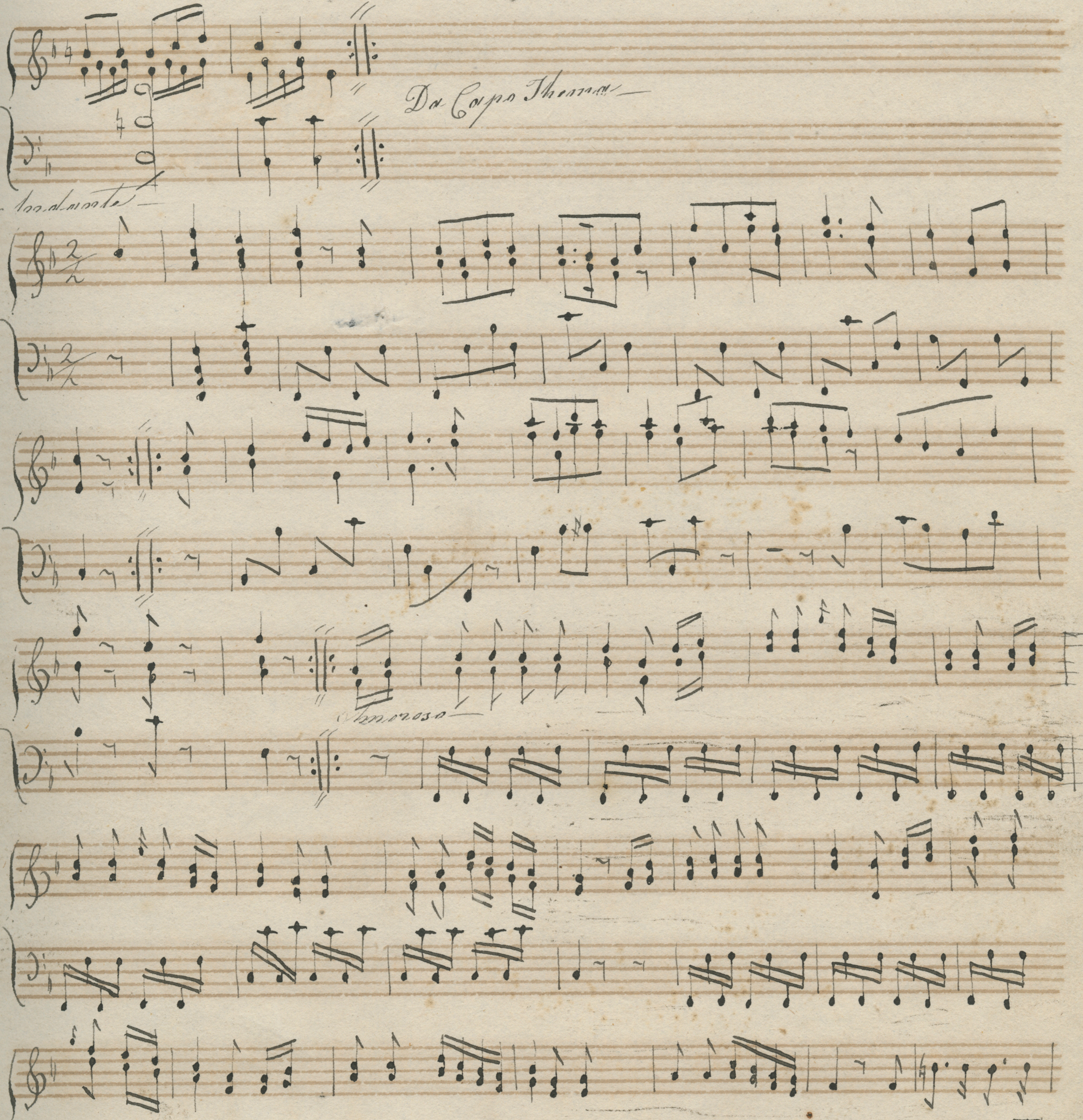
Chloe–

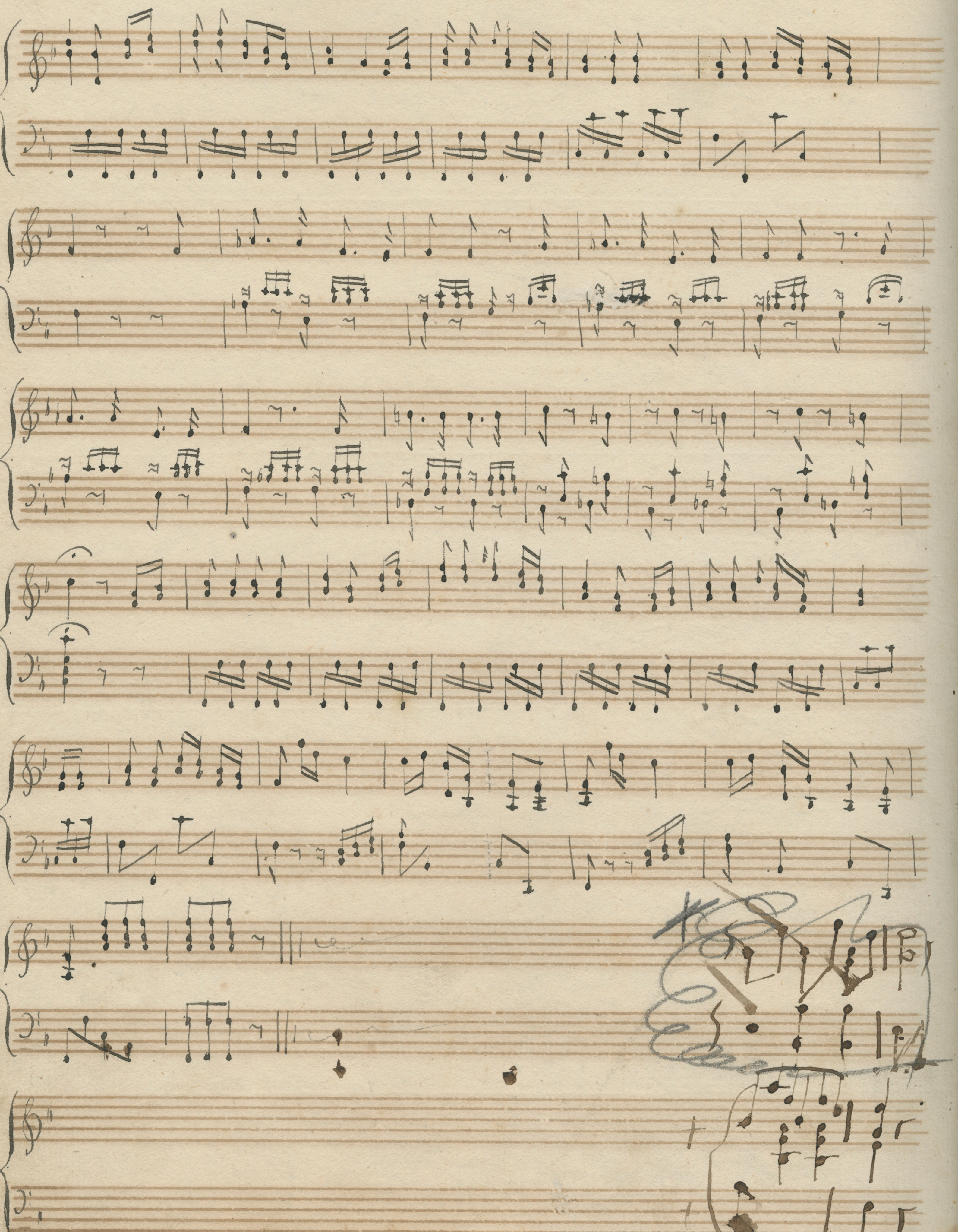

When time who steals our year's away shall steal our pleasures
too, The memory of the past will stay & half our joys re-new
Then Chloe when thy beauty's flow'r shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will re-call the hour, When thou alone wert fair.

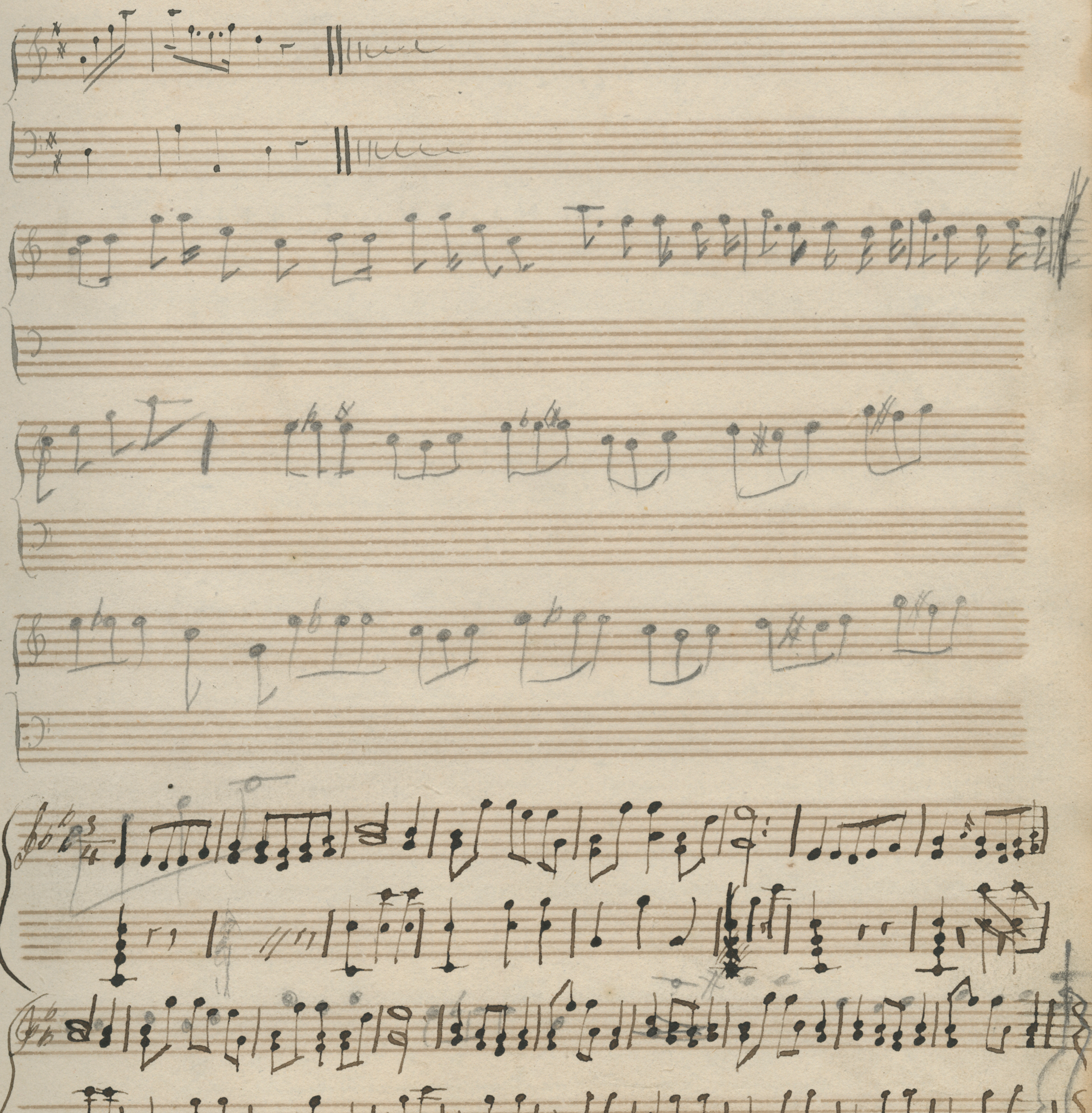

Then talk no more of future gloom, Our joys shall always last, For
Hope shall brighten days to come & memory gild the past

Overture

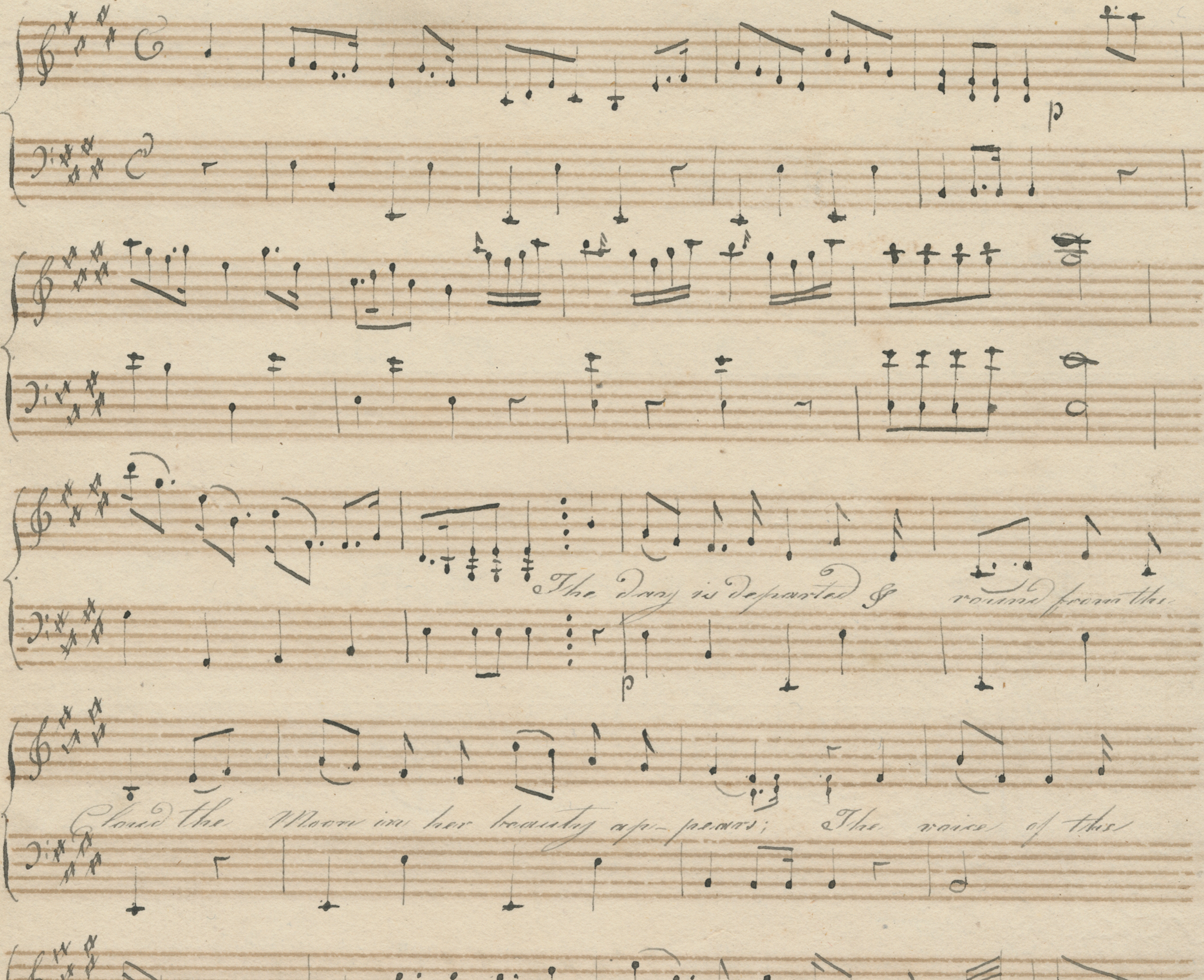


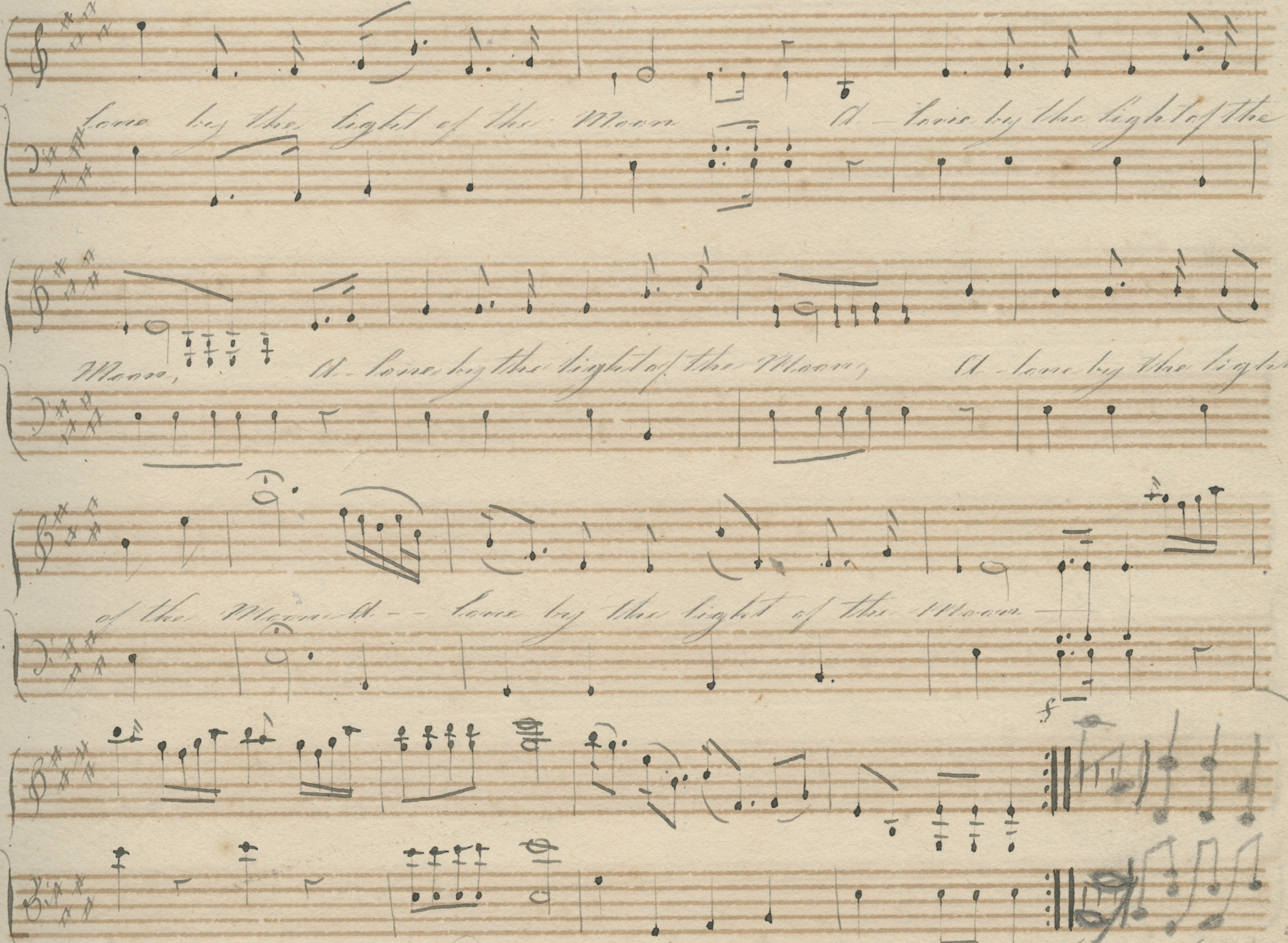

Da Capo Thema—
Andante—
Amoroso—





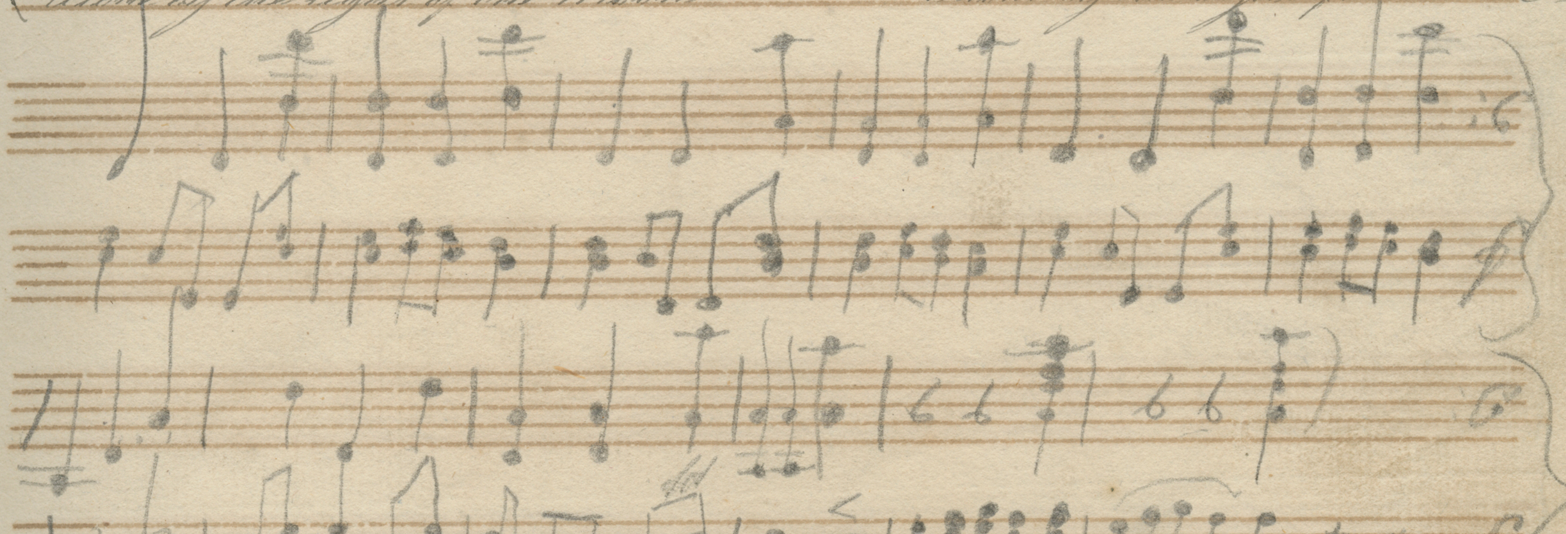
Alone by the light of the Moon


p
The day is departed & round from the
cloud the Moon in her beauty ap-pears; The voice of the
Nightingale warbles aloud the Music of Love in our ears
Maria appear! now the season so sweet when the beat of the
heart is in tune The time is so tender for Lovers to meet Al-


lone by the light of the Moon A-lone by the light of the
Moon, A-lone by the light of the Moon, A-lone by the light
of the Moon A- - lone by the light of the Moon—
f

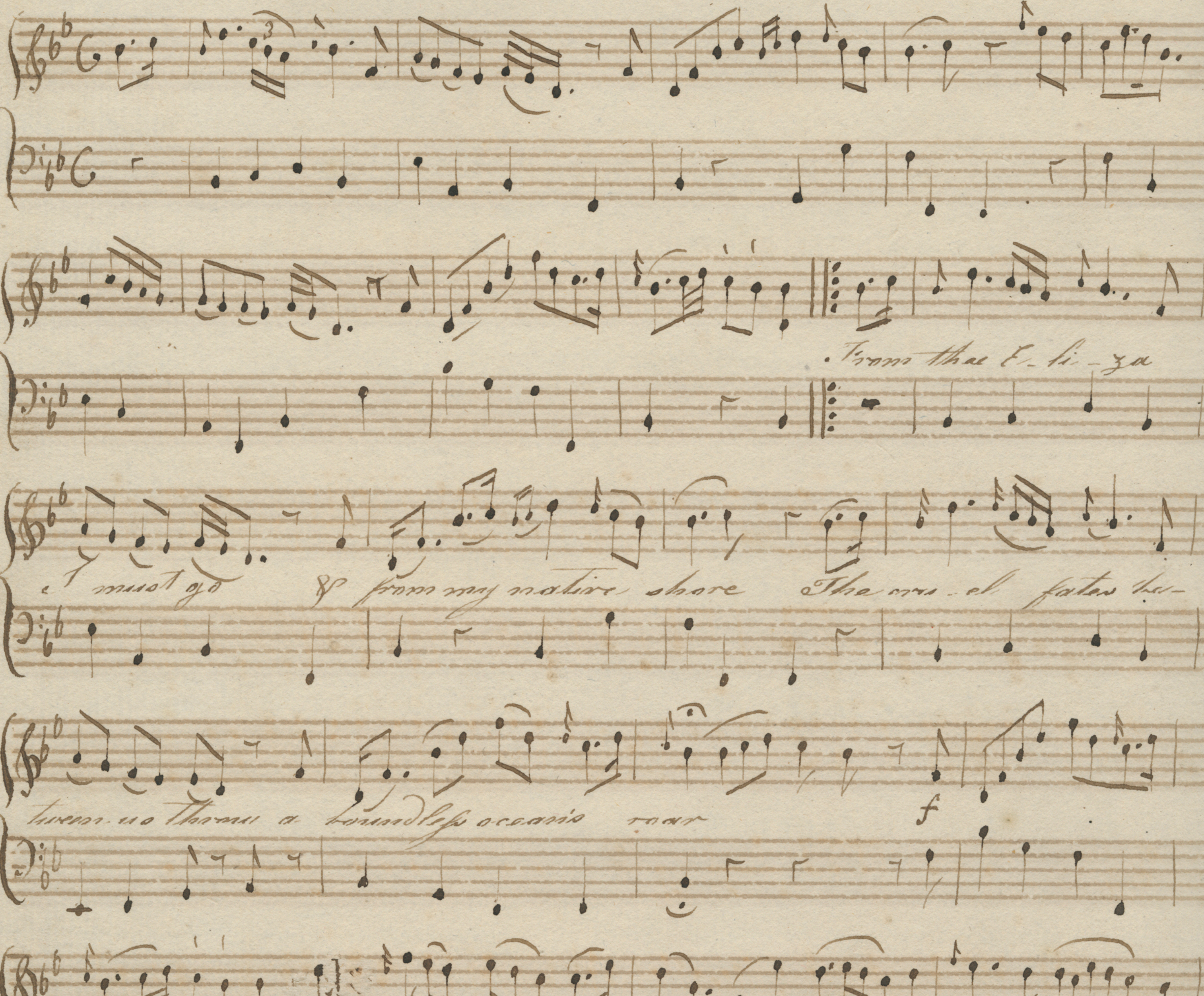
I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
I sigh can a lover do more
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal
Yet I think of her all the day o'er
Maria, my love, do you long for the grove
Do you sigh for an interview soon
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the Moon—

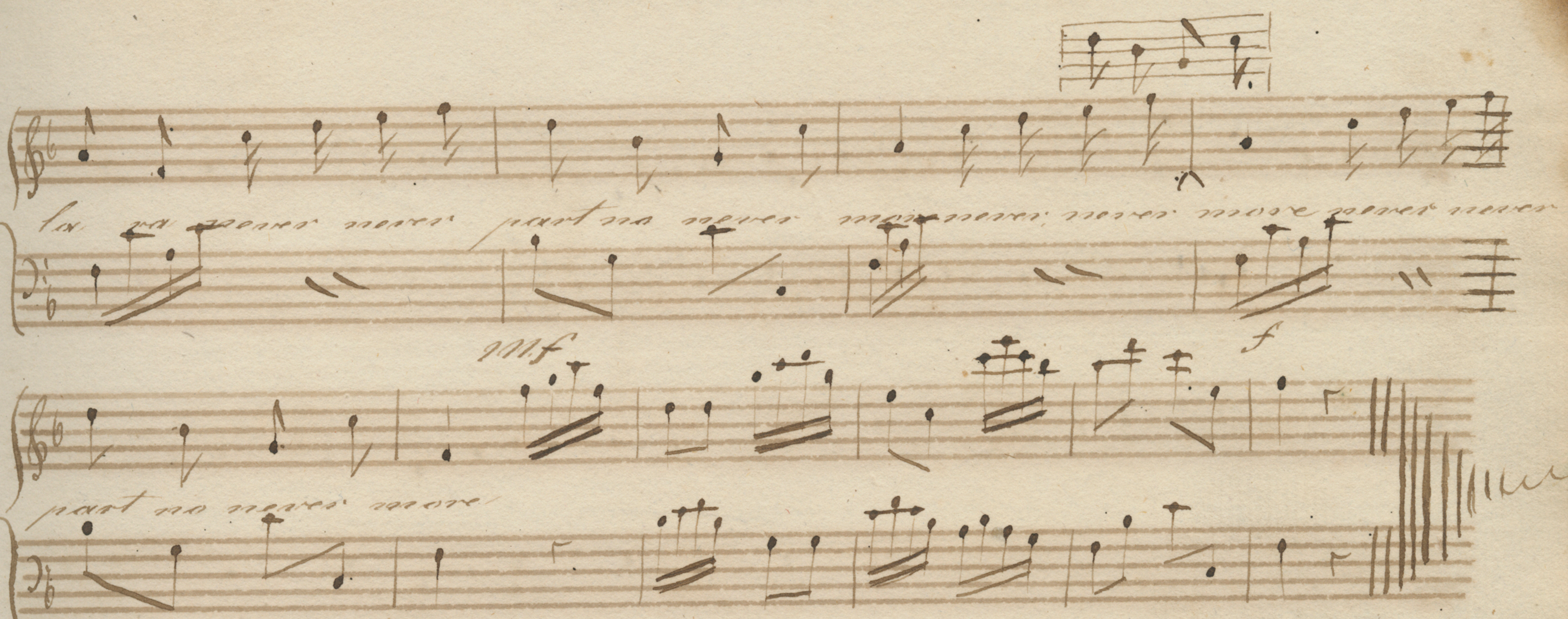
Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
My bosom is all in a glow
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet in mine ear
My heart thrills my eyes overflow
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon;
Shall heart spring to heart & Maria be mine
Alone by the light of the Moon

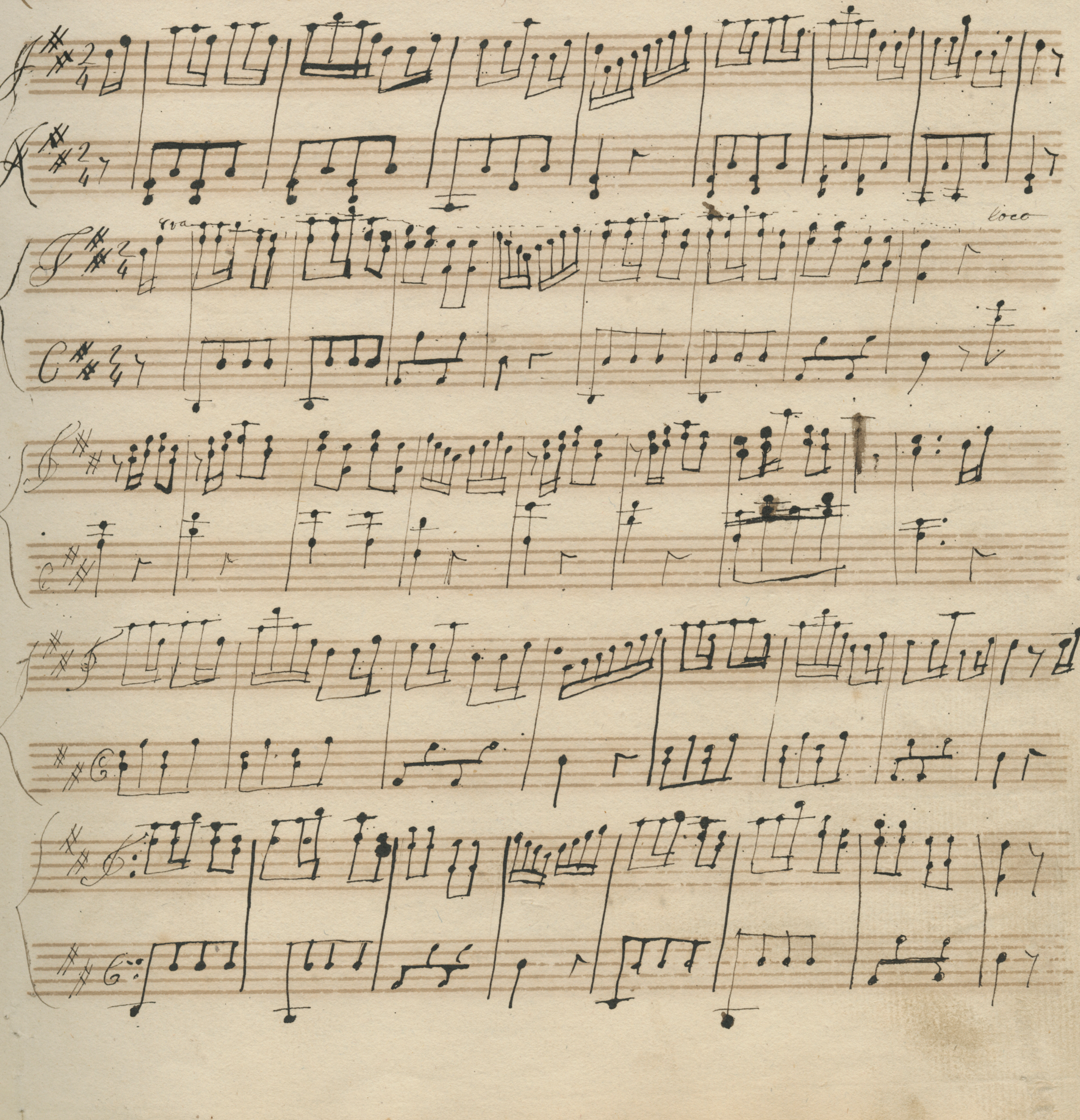


Play the tune [illegible]

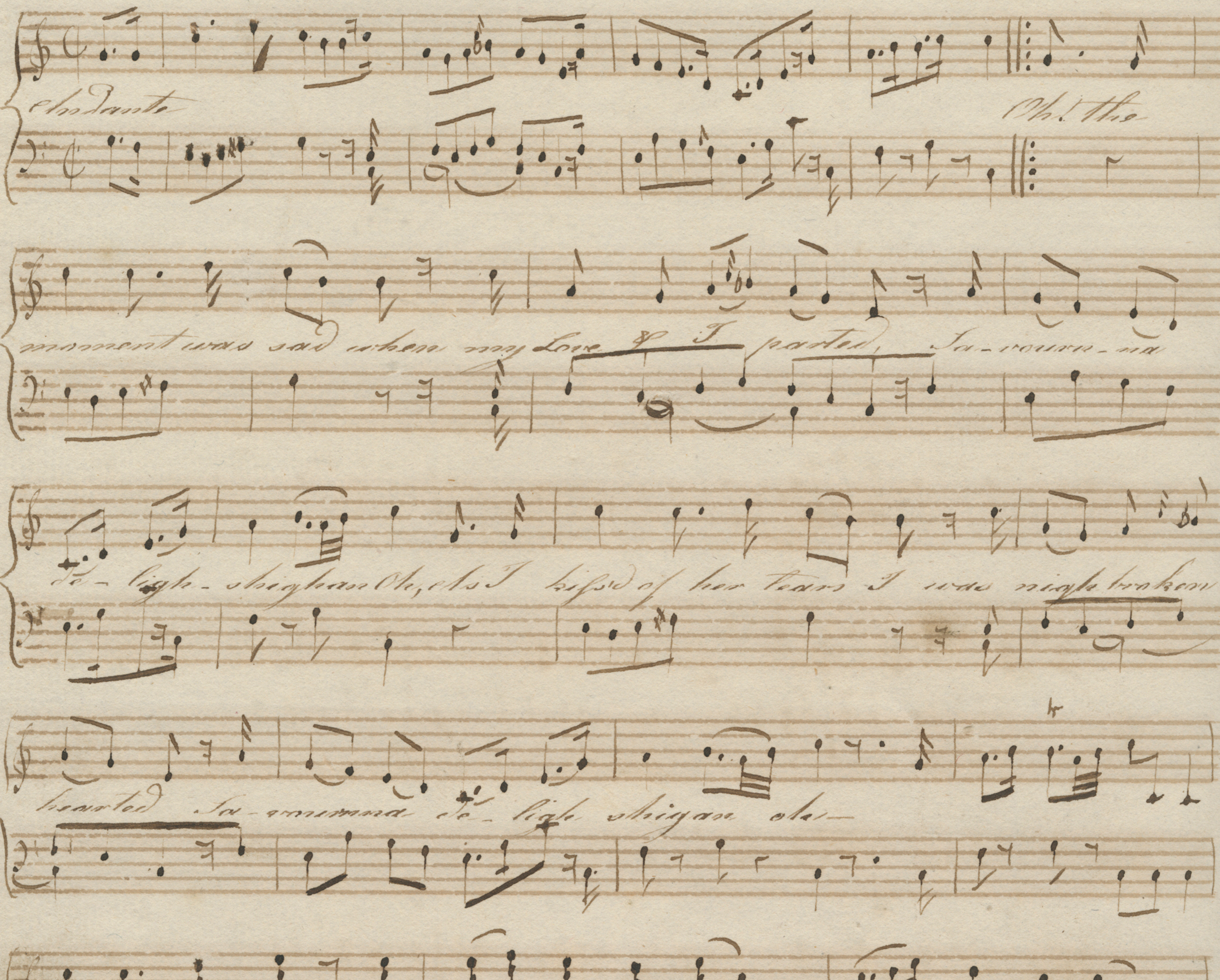
From thee Eliza I must go

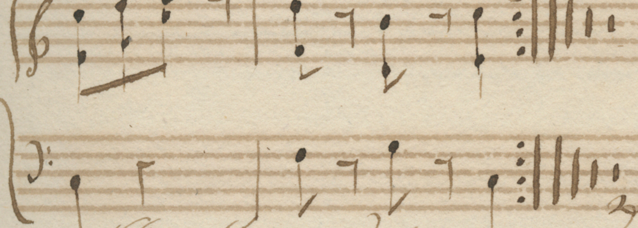

From thee E-li-za
I must go & from my native shore The cru-el fates be-
tween us throw a boundless ocean's roar
f
But boundless oceans roaring wide between my love &
me they never never can divide my heart &
soul from thee


la ra never never part na never mo never never never more never never
mf
f
part na never more


8va
loco

Oh! the Moment was Sad


Andante
Oh! the
moment was sad when my Love & I parted, Sa-vourn-na
de-ligh-shighan Oh, As I kiss'd of her tears I was nigh broken
hearted Sa-vournna de-ligh shigan oh.
Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder Damp was her hand no
marble was colder, I felt that I ne-ver again should be-
hold her Sa-vournna de ligh shigna oh.



When the word of command put our men into motion, Savournna &c
I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide Ocean, Savournna &c

Brisk were our troops all roaring like Thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder. Savournna &c

3

Long I fought for my Country far, far, from my true Love, Savournna &c
All my pay & my booty I hoarded for you Love, Savournna &c

Peace was proclaim'd escaped from the Slaughter,
Landed at home my sweet Girl I sought her
But sorrow alas! to her cold Grave had brought her. Savournna &c

or, The Exile of Erin —

1

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy & chill,

For his Country he sighed when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the beaten hill.

But the Day star attracted his eyes sad devotion
For it rose on his own native isle of the Ocean

Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion
He sung the bold anthem of Erin Go Bragh.

2

Oh! sad is my fate said the heart broken stranger
The wild Deer & Wolf to a covert can flee

But I have no refuge from famine & danger
A home & a Country remain not to me

Ah! ne'er again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours,

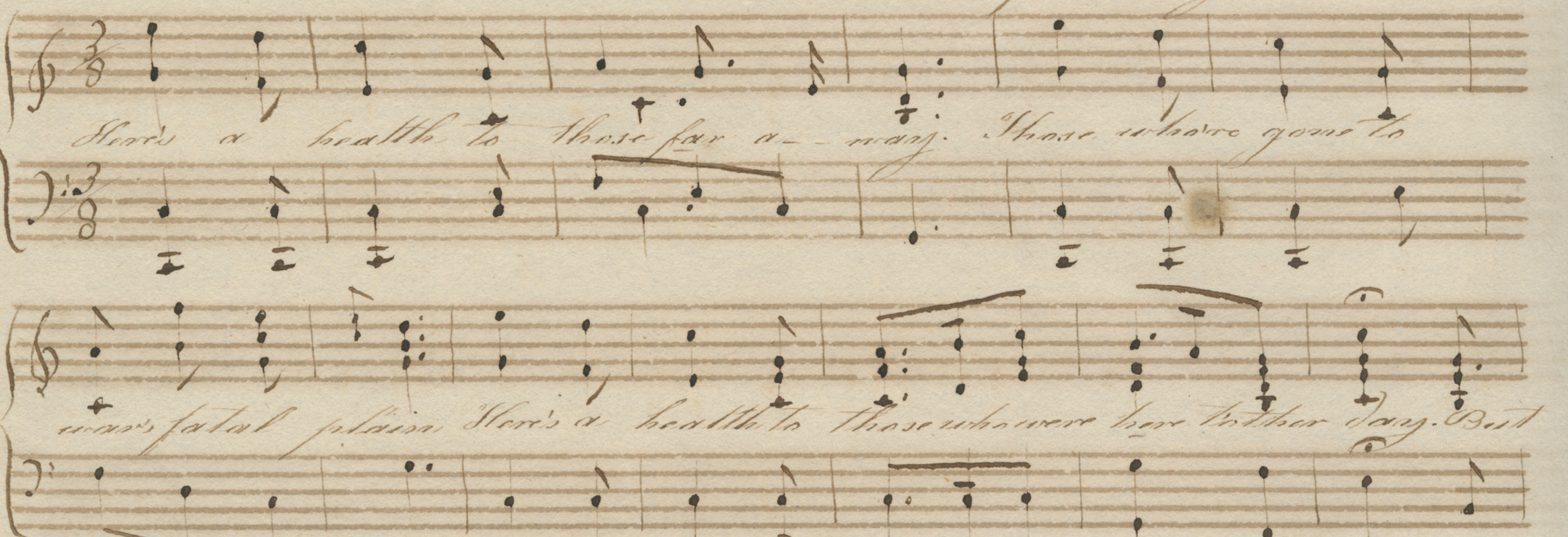
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin Go bragh —

Where is my cabin door fast by the wild wood
Sisters & sires did ye weep for its fall
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all
Ah! my sad soul long abandon'd by pleasure
Why did you dote on a fast fading treasure
Tears like the rain drop may fall without measure
But rapture & beauty they cannot recall.

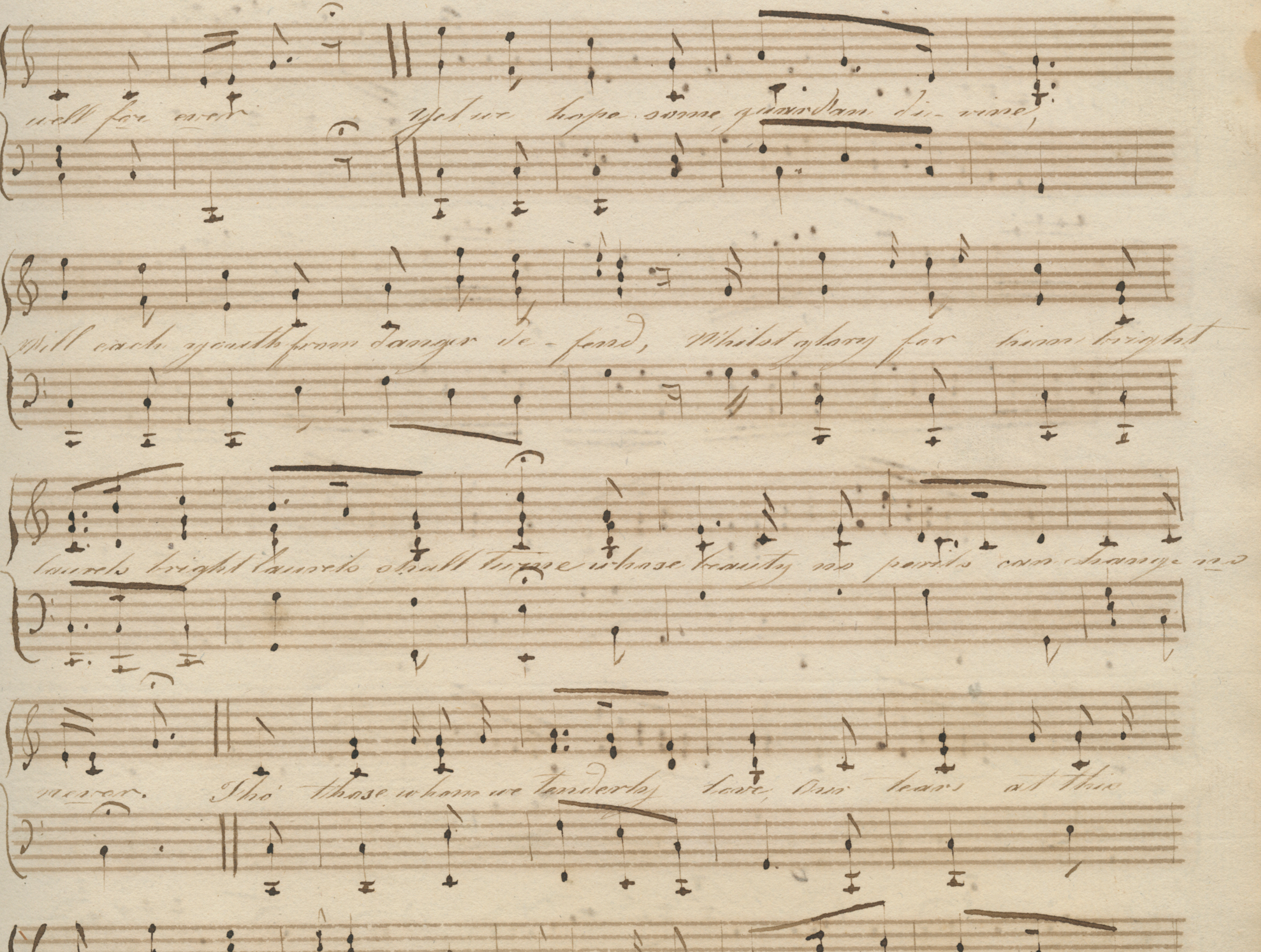
3

Erin my Country thro' sad & forsaken

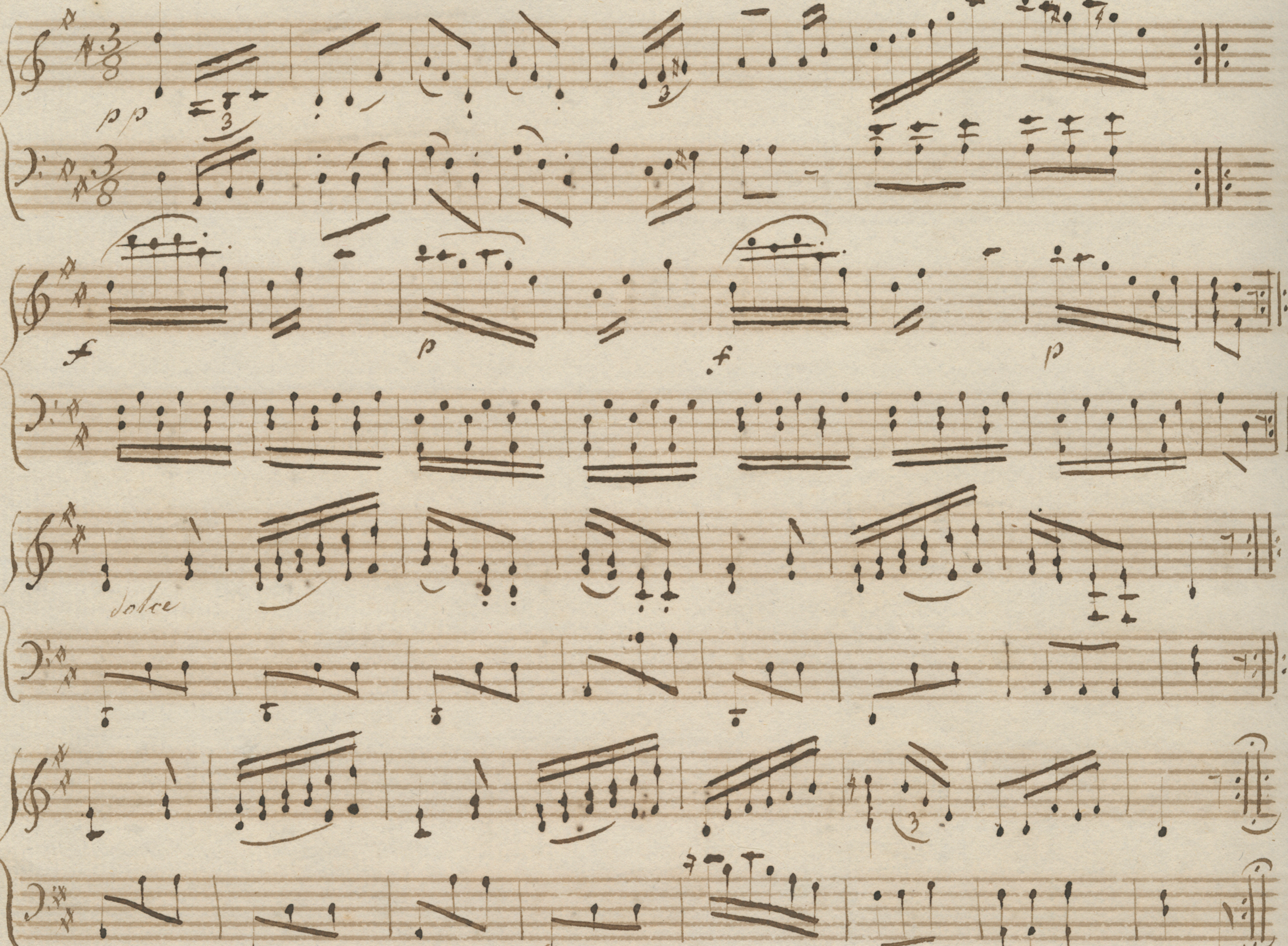
Here's a health to those far away—



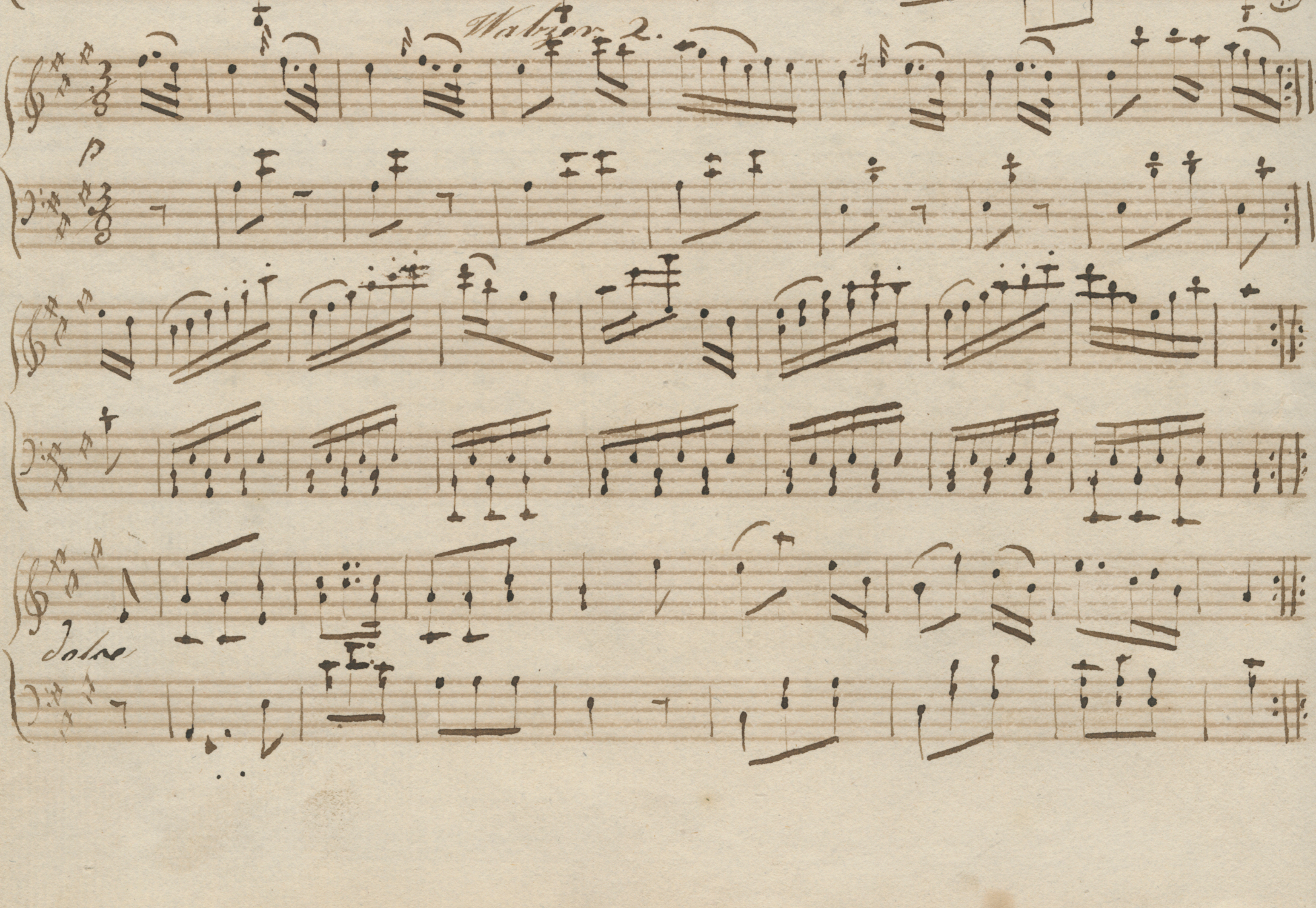
Here's a health to those far a-way. Those who're gone to
war's fatal plain. Here's a health to those who were here t'other day. But
ne'er may be with us a-gain Oh never— 'Tis hard to
be parted from those with whom we could forever dwell. But
bitter in-deed is the sorrow that flows, when perhaps we were saying fare-
pp

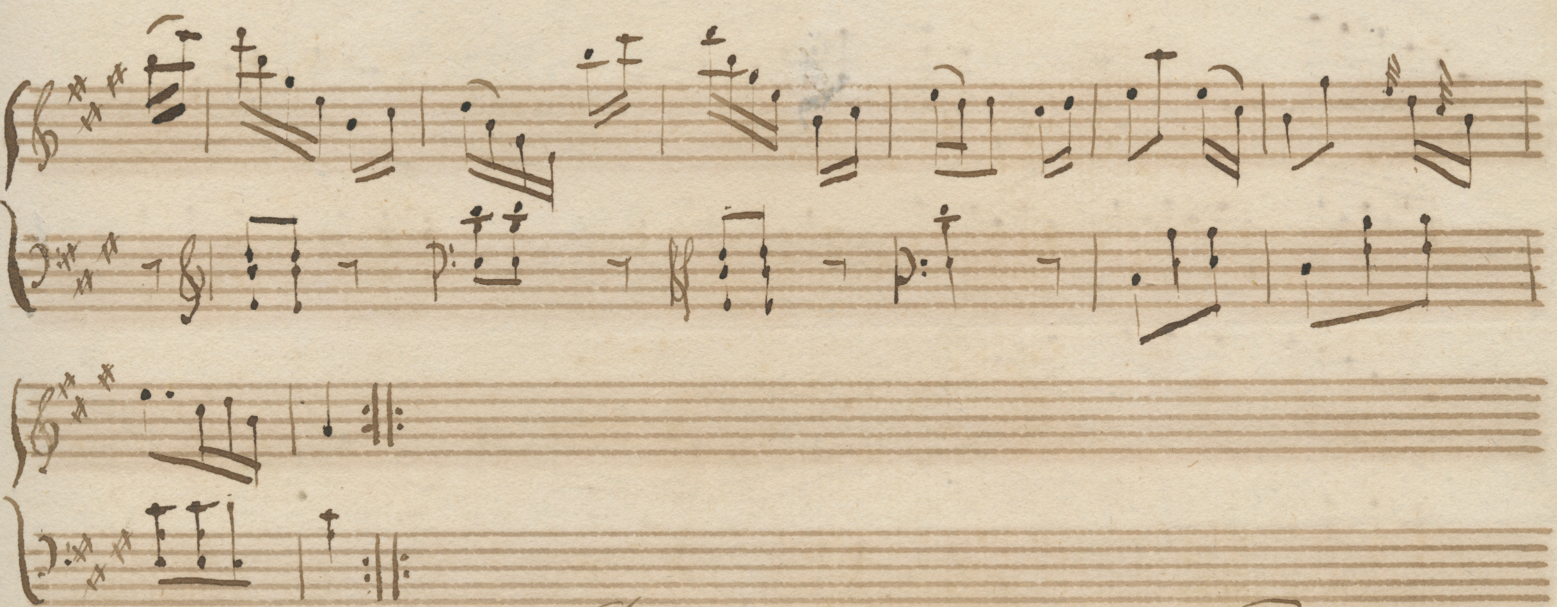

well for ever
Yet we hope some guardian di-vine,
Will each youth from danger de-fend, Whilst glory for him bright
laurels bright laurels shall twine whose beauty no perils can change no
never. Tho' those whom we tenderly love, Our tears at this
moment may claim A balm to our sorrow this truth, ever must
prove, They'll live in the records of fame for ever-
pp

Walzer I

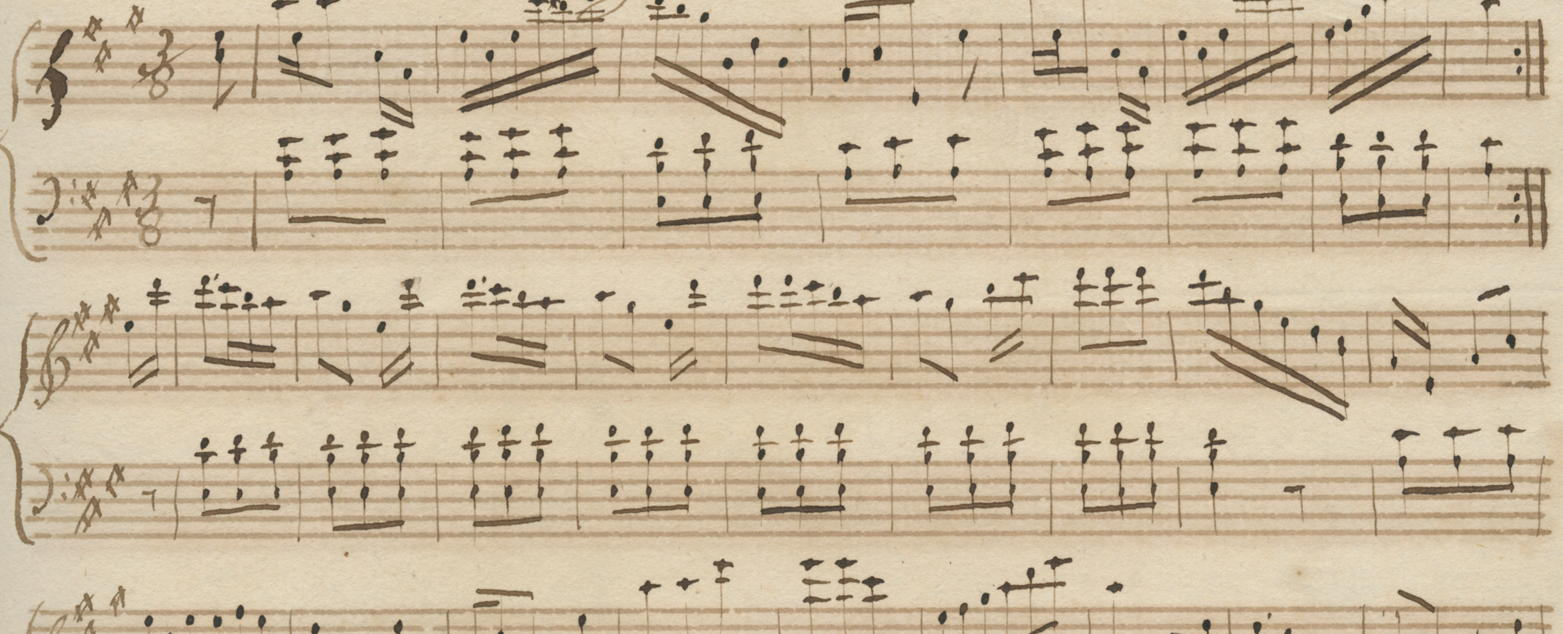

pp
f
p
f
p
dolce

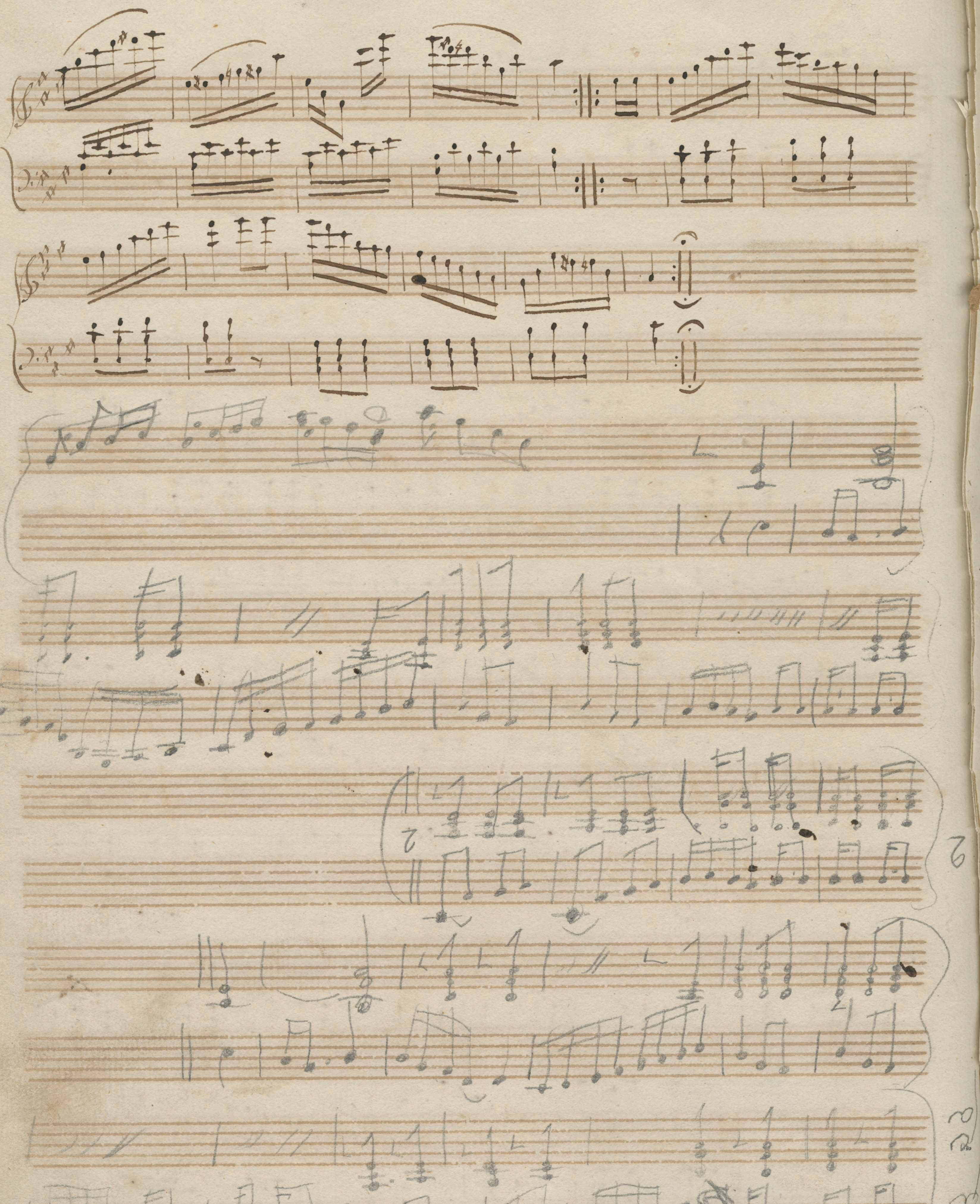
Walzer 2.



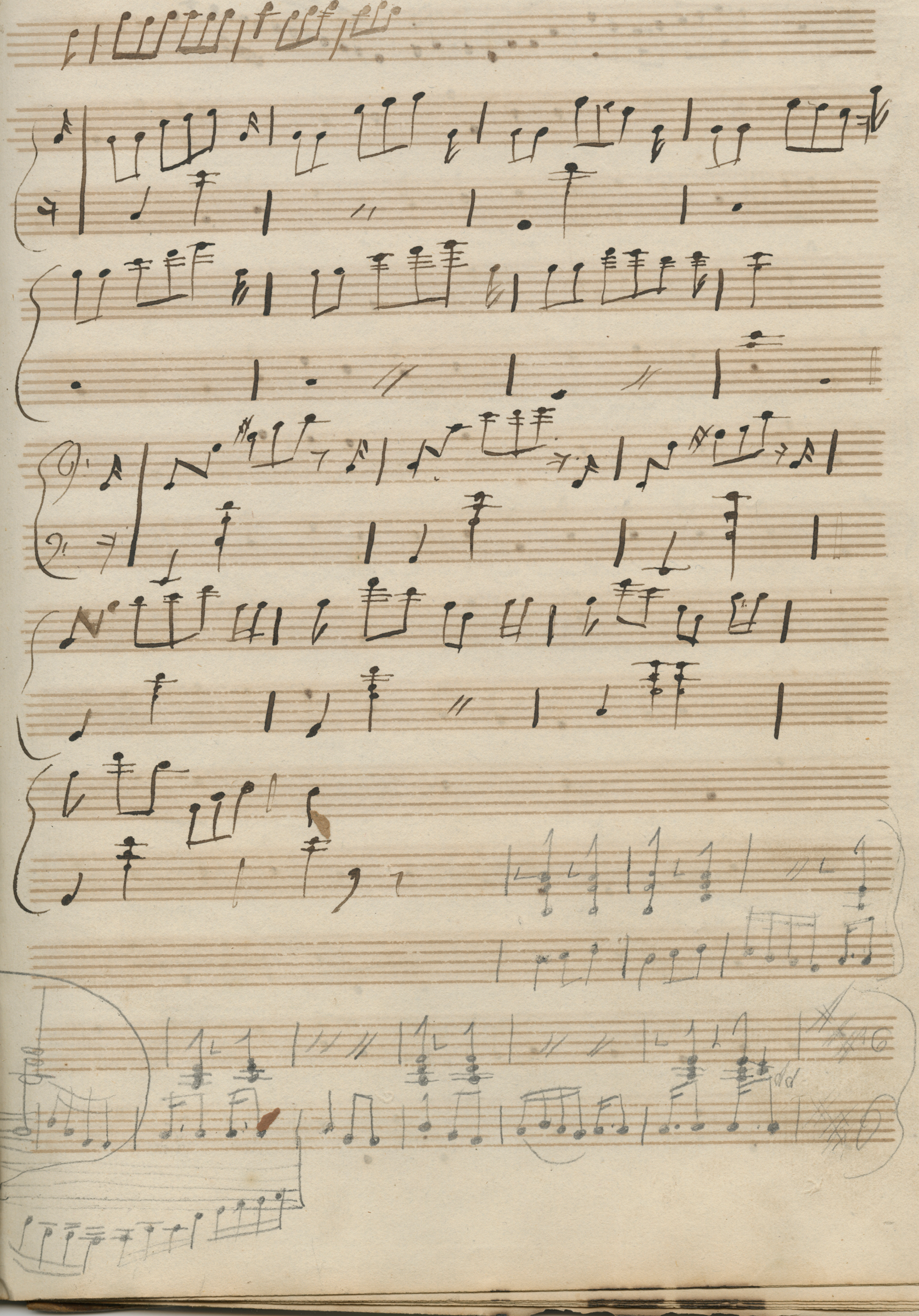


Walzer 3.

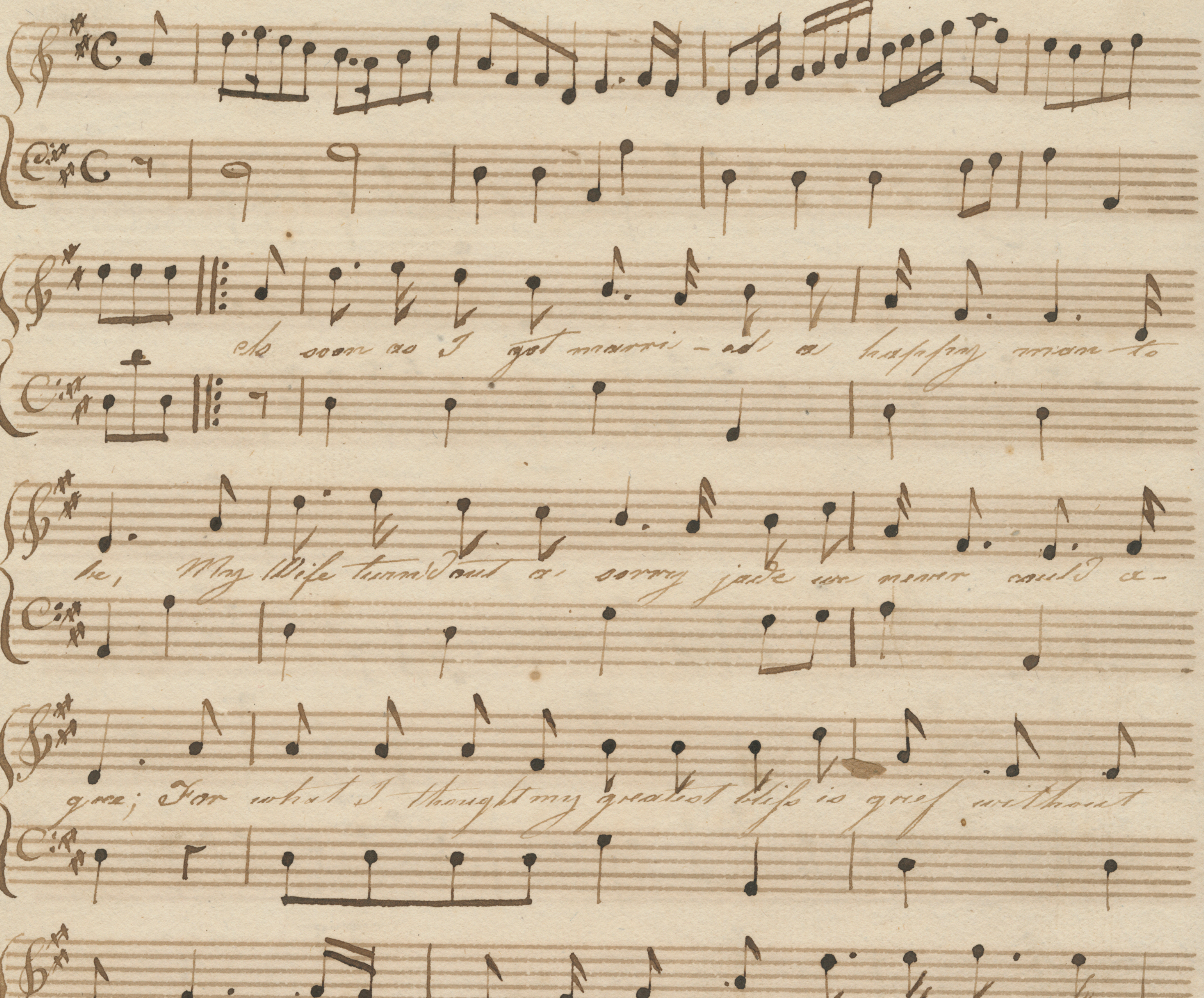


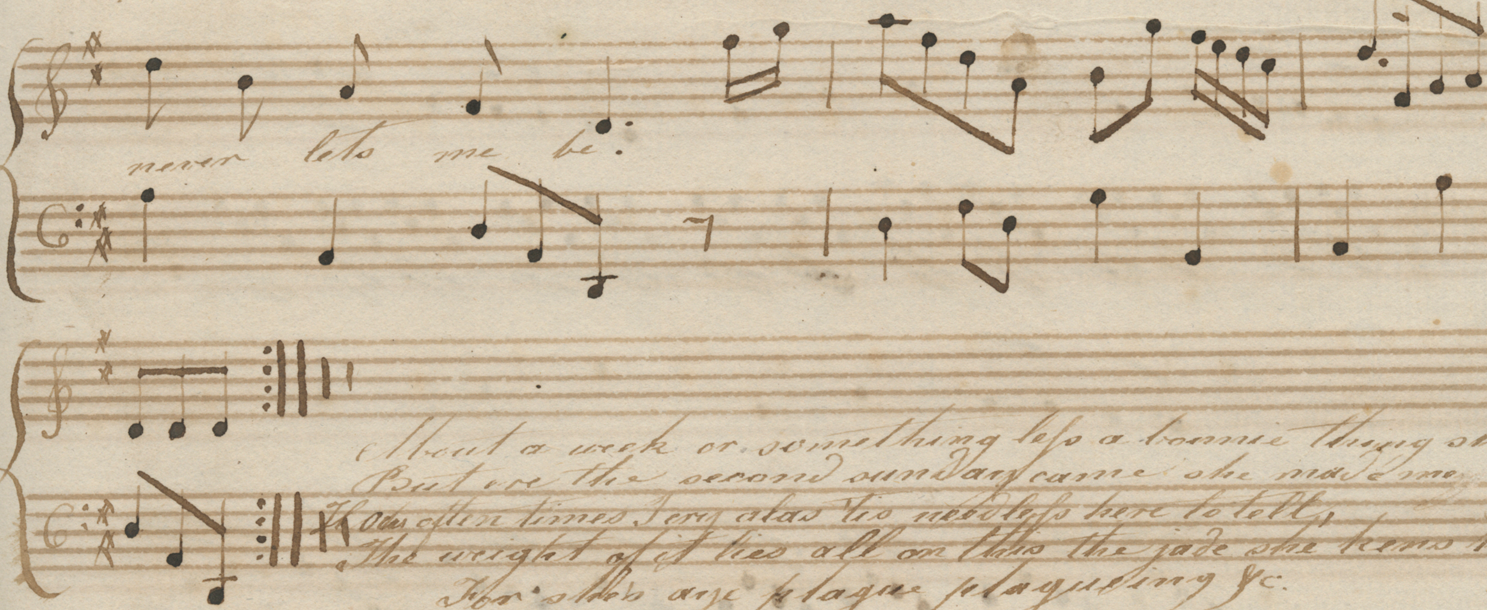


Miſs Wrinkley



The Ill Wife —


As soon as I got marri - ed a happy man to
be, My Wife turn'd out a sorry jade we never could a-
gree; For what I thought my greatest bliss is grief without
com-pare, And a' the cause of my complaint she's
mine for ever mair. For she's aye plague plagueing & she's
aye plagueing me, She's aye plague plagueing and



About a week or something less a bonnie thing she was,
But ere the second sunday came she made me cry alas!
How often times I cry alas tis needless here to tell,
The weight of it lies all on this the jade she kens herself.
For she's aye plague plaguing &c

Right weel she kens I dearly like a dainty dish o' meat,
She kuks it sae dirtily the deil a bit I eat;
And if I turn my mouth awry or chance to shake my head,
She ca's me filthy loon & says I'm wra ill to feed.
For she's aye starve starving &c

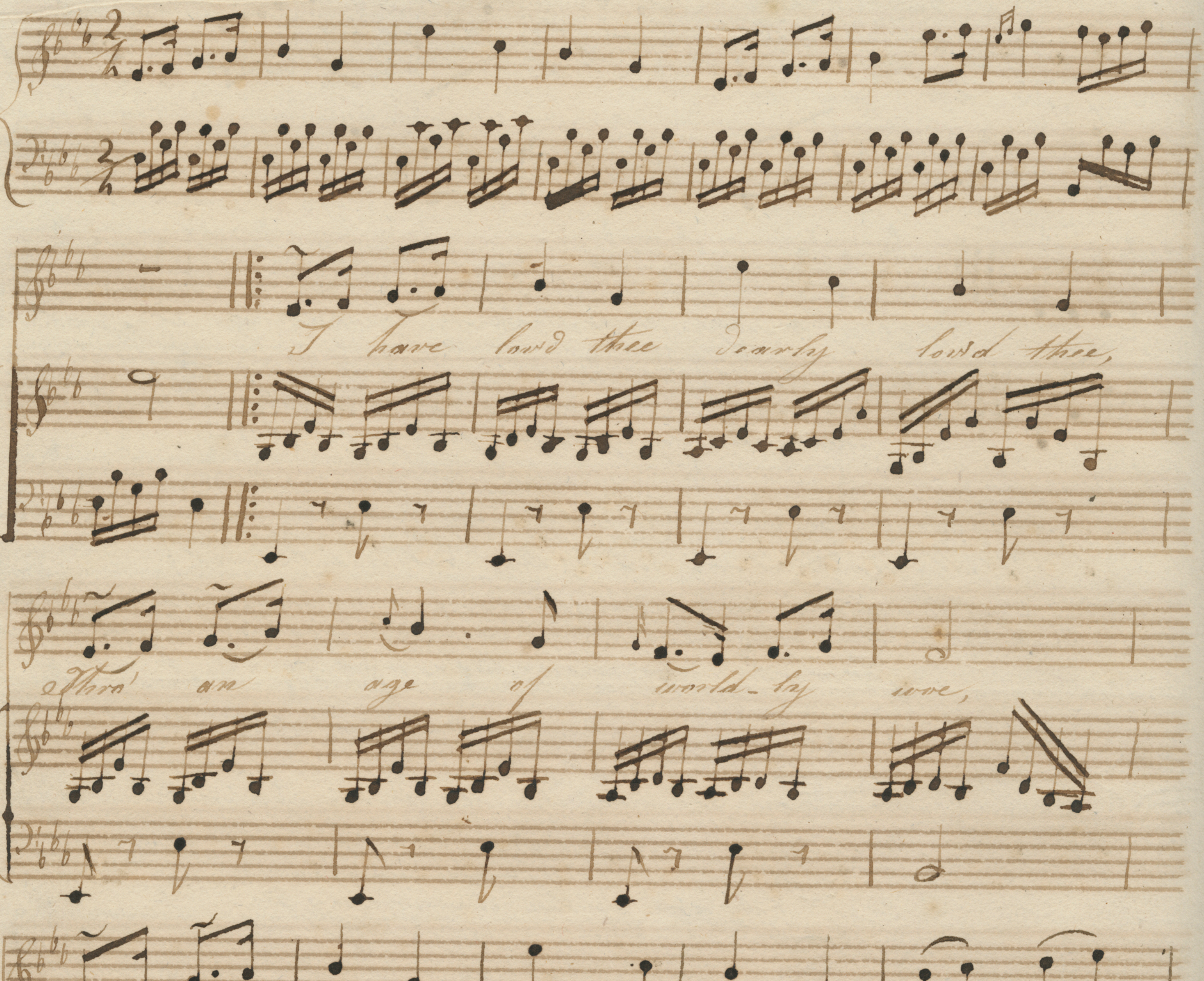
When I am for merriment o' then she's very sad,
And when I am for soberness she gangs distracted mad;
When I wish to hear her speak she silent sits & dumb,
And when I am for quietness she rattles like a drum.
For she's aye drum drumming &c.

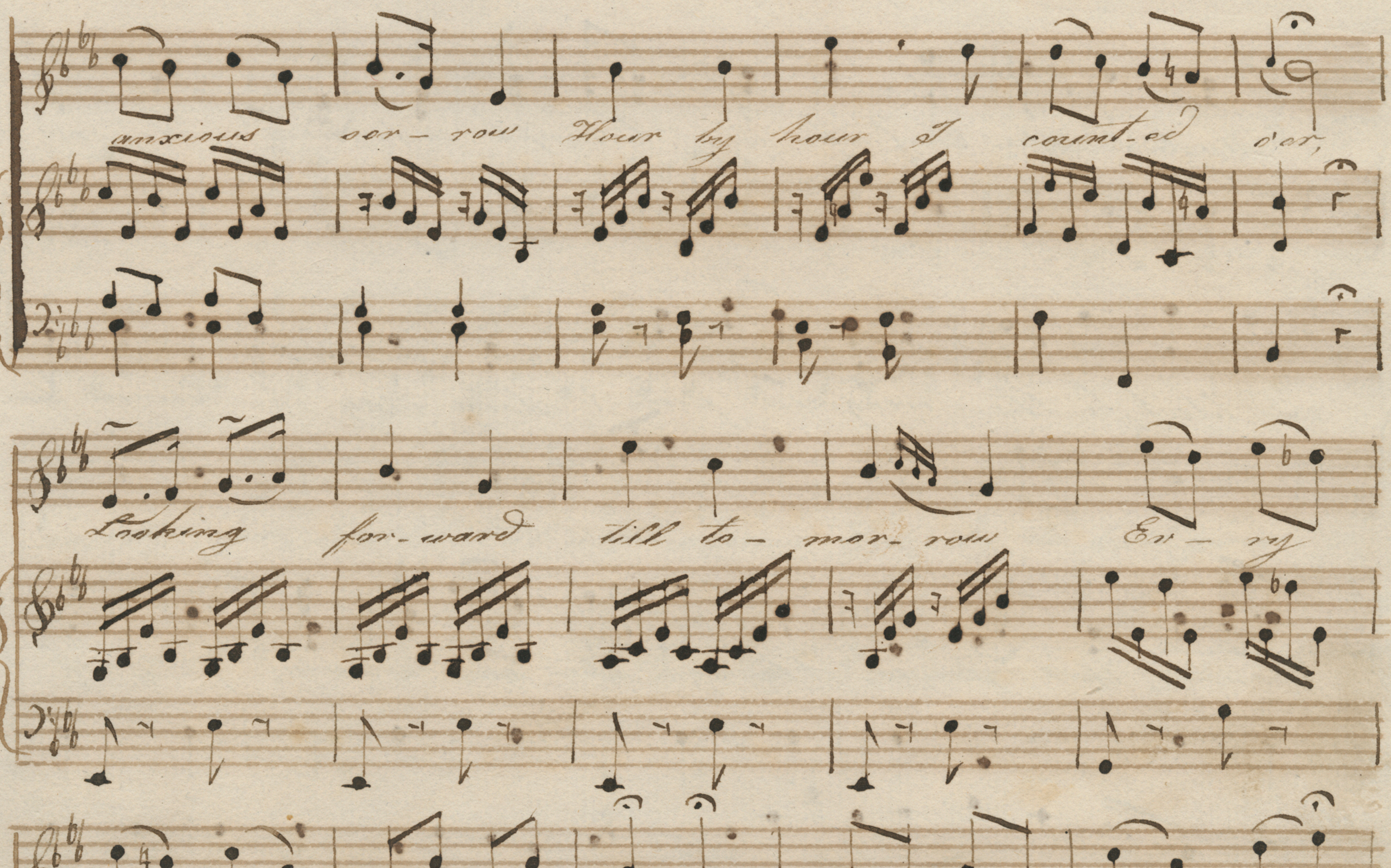
Yestreen my neebor Tam & I went out our throats to wet,
She thunner'd in my lugs sae loud I think I hear her yet;
And when her tantin hood is on which often is the case,
The first thing that comes to her hands she dashes in my face
For she's aye dash dashing &c.

That marriage is a Paradise I've often heard folk tell,
But for my ain part—first & last—I think it worse na hell
And yet there is a comfort left a comfort & na mair,
The pangs of death will brake the bands & bury a' my care

For she'll soon soon bury, she'll soon bury me
She'll soon soon bury & then she'll let me be.—

I have lov'd thee, dearly lov'd thee


I have lov'd thee dearly lov'd thee,
Thro' an age of world-ly woe,
How un--grateful I have prov'd thee, Let my
mournful ex-ile show, Ten long years of

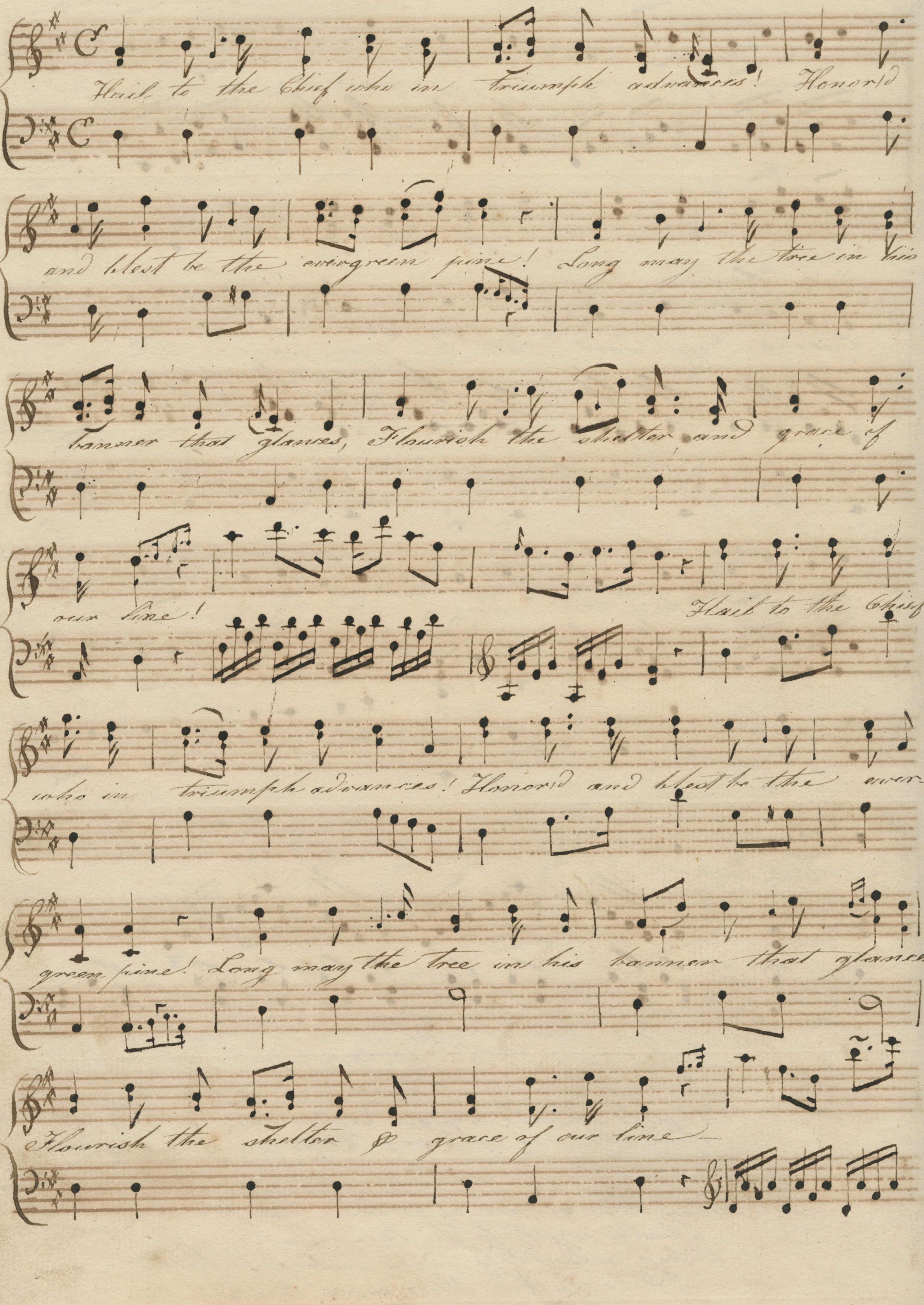

anxious sor- row Hour by hour I count-ed o'er,
Looking for- ward till to- mor- row Ev- ry
day I lov'd thee more, Ev- ry day I
lov'd thee more -

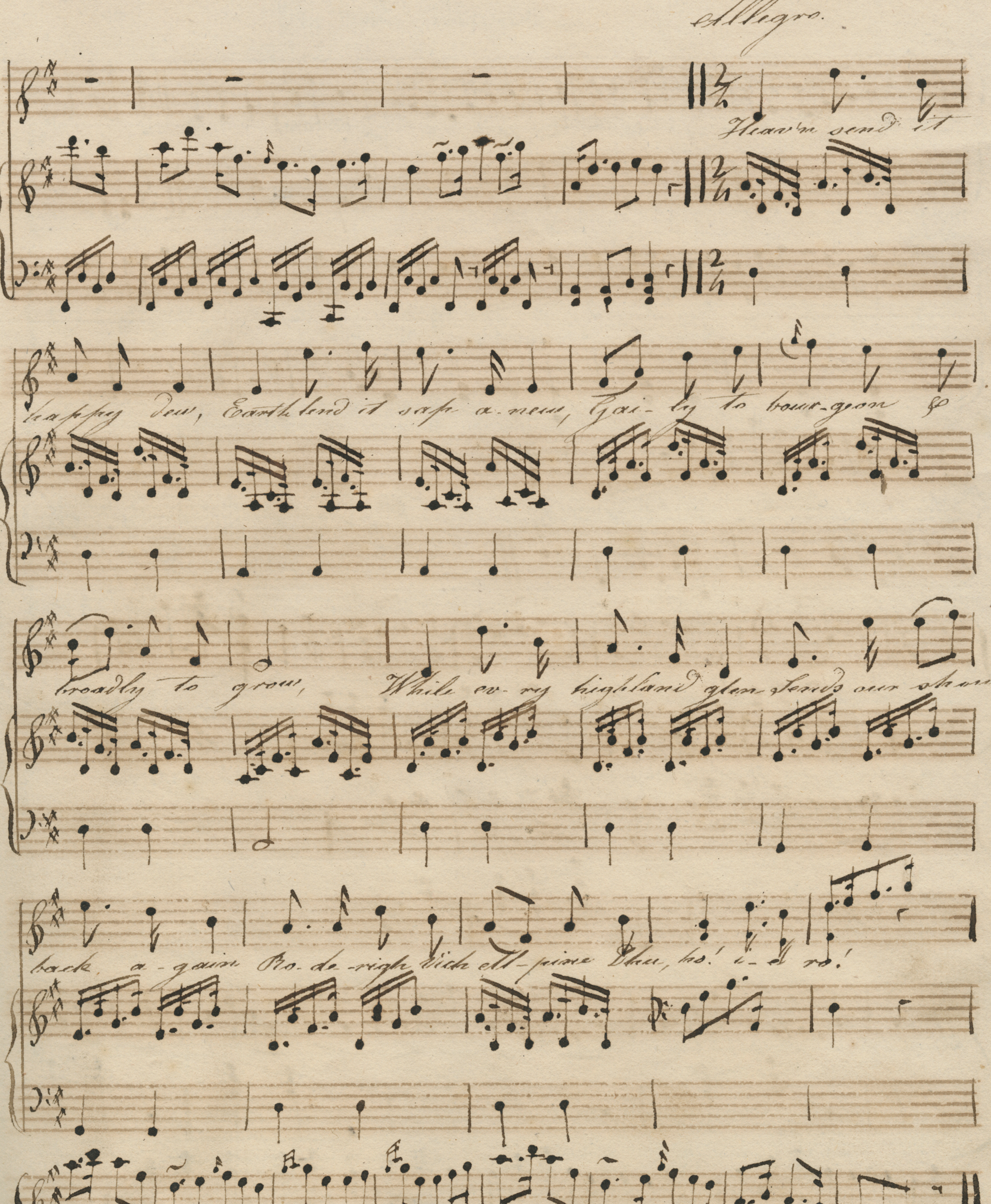
Pow'r nor splendor could not charm me,
I no joy in wealth could see,

Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
Save the fear of losing thee;

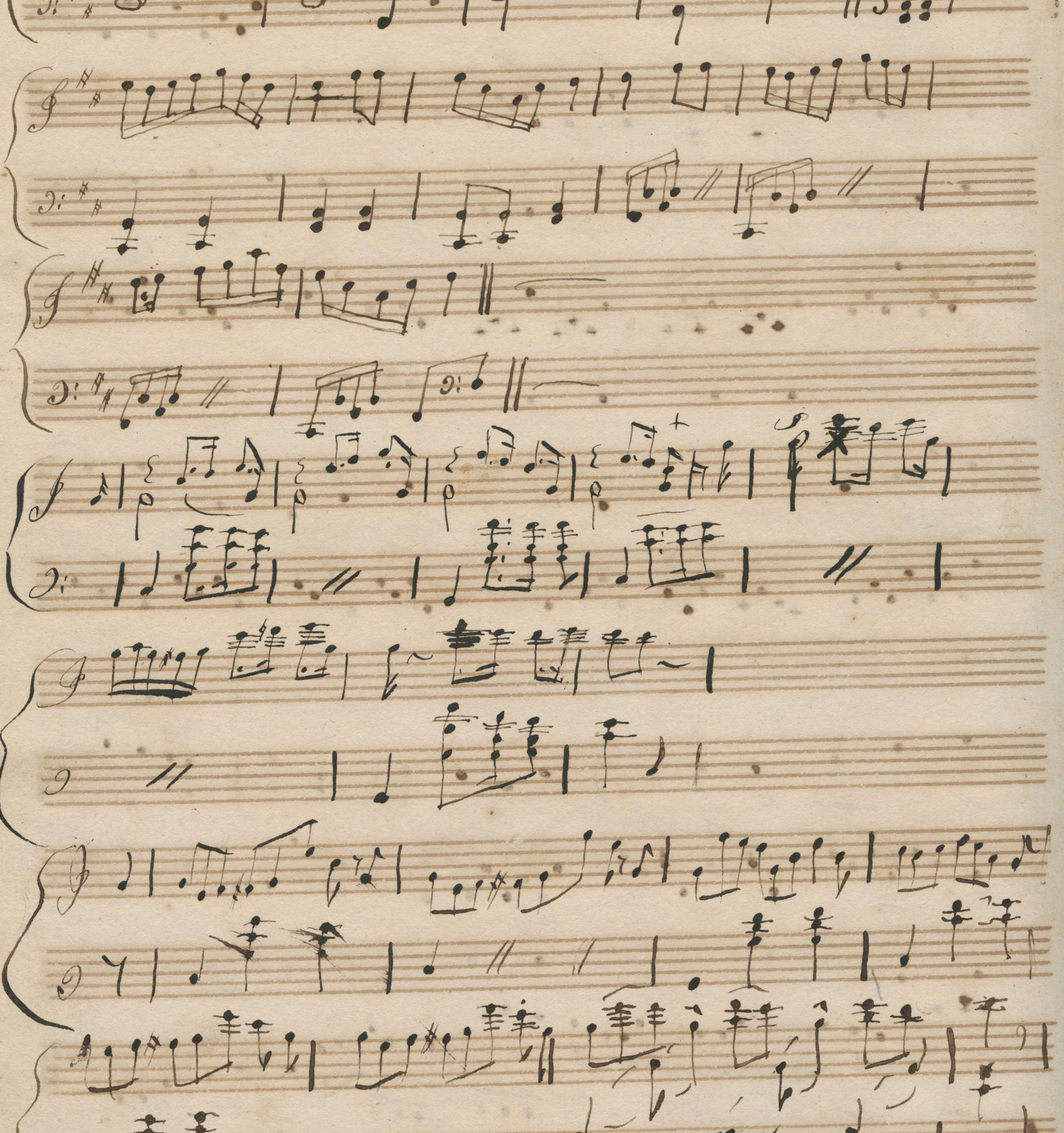
When the storms of fortune preſs'd thee
I have wept to see thee weep,
When relentleſs cares distreſs'd thee,
I have lull'd those cares to sleep.

Hail to the Chief—


Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances! Honor'd
and blest be the evergreen pine! Long may the tree in his
banner that glances, Flourish the shelter and grace of
our line!
Hail to the Chief
who in triumph advances! Honor'd and blest be the ever-
green pine! Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish the shelter & grace of our line—

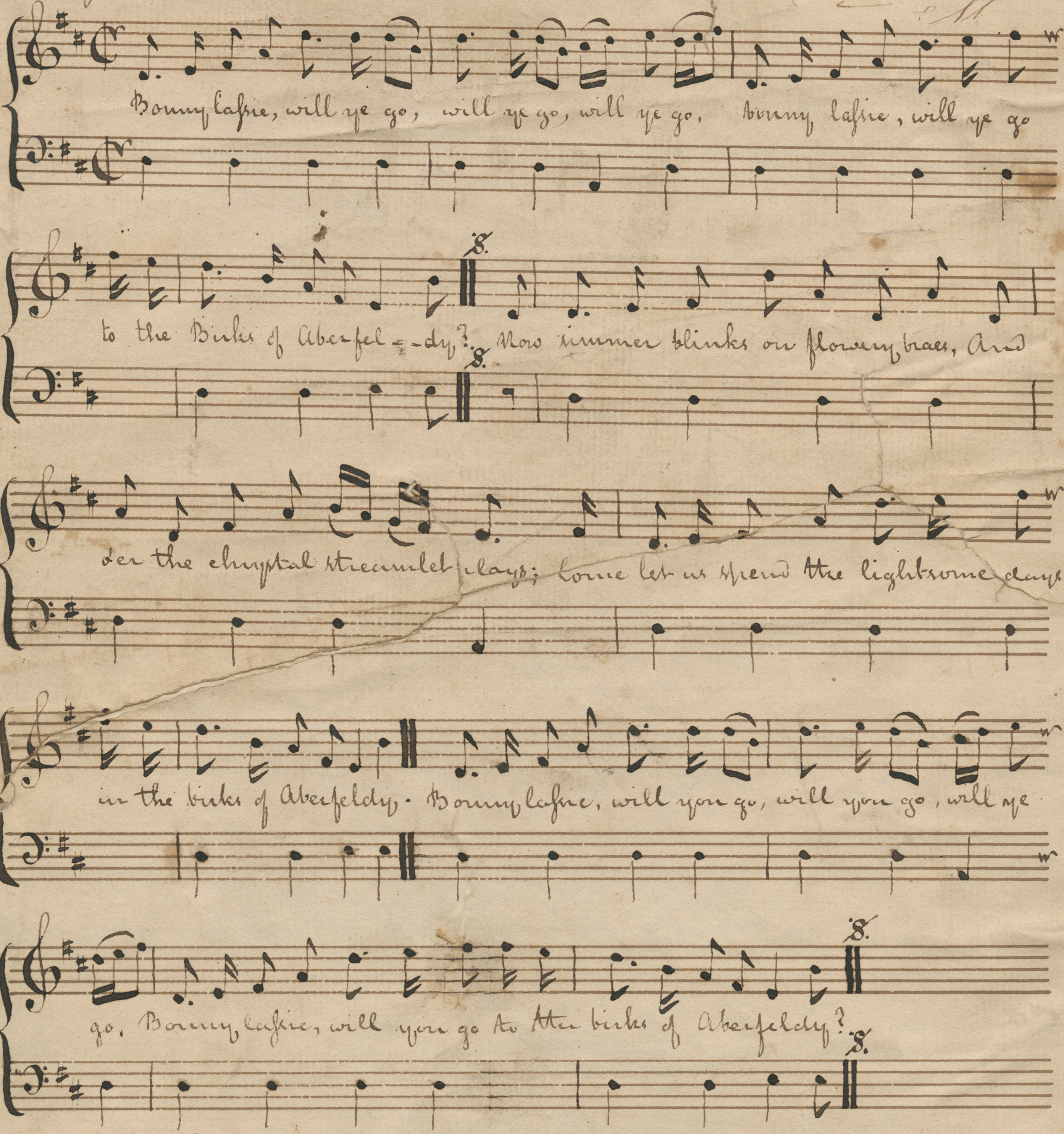

Allegro
Heav'n send it happy dew, Earth lend it sap a-new, Gai-ly to bour-geon & broadly to grow, While ev-ry highland glen sends our shout back, a-gain Ro-de-righ Vich Al-pine Dhu, ho! i-e ro!

Bossom up the gum tree



The Birks of Aberfeldy –

Lively


Bonny laſsie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go, bonny laſsie, will ye go
to the Birks of Aber-fel- -dy? Now summer blinks on flowery braes, And
o'er the chrystal streamlet plays; Come let us spend the lightsome days
in the birks of Aberfeldy. Bonny laſsie, will you go, will you go, will ye
go. Bonny laſsie, will you go to the birks of Aberfeldy?

2.

The little birdies blythly sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy –
Bonny laſsie &c –

3.

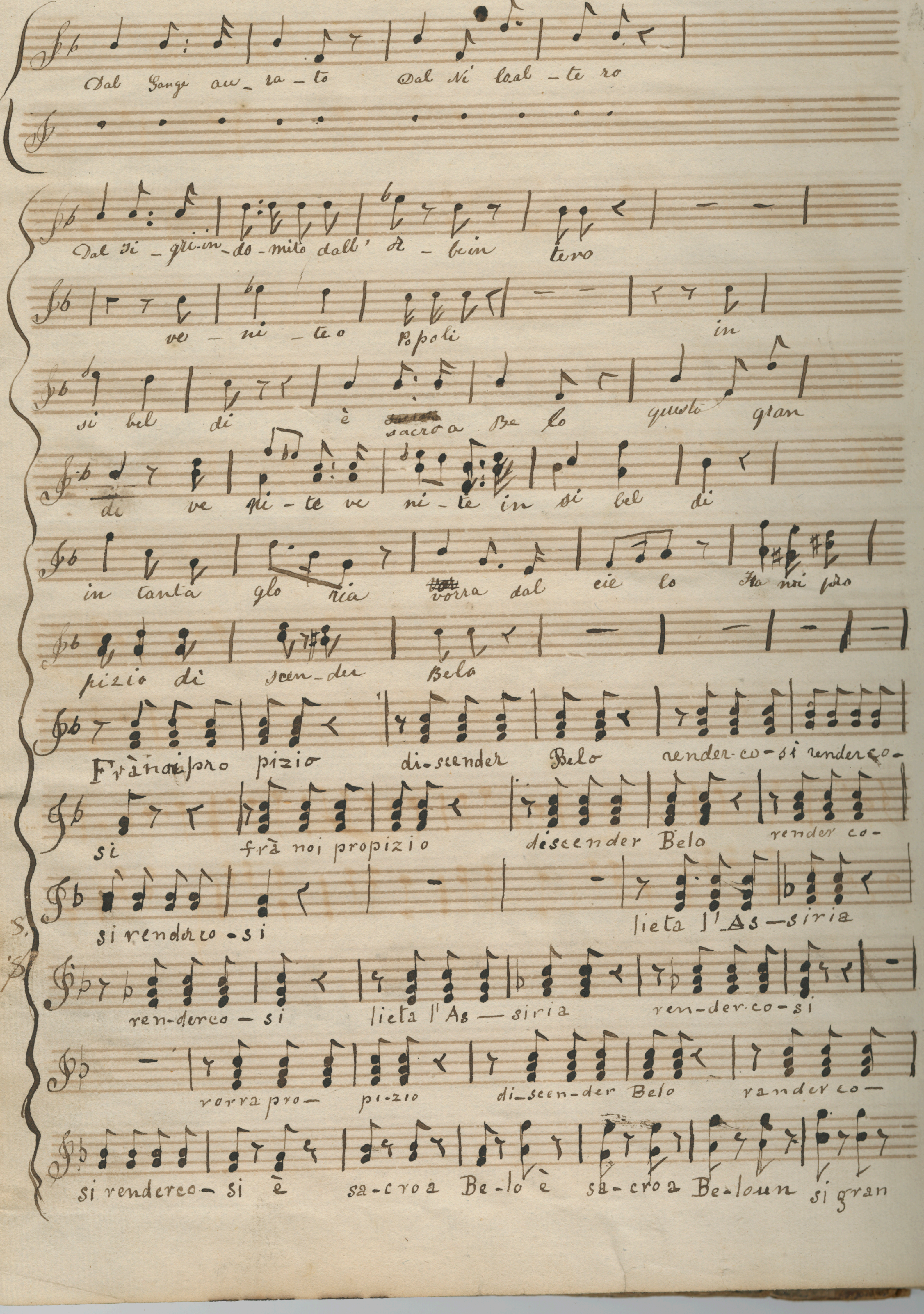
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy –
Bonny laſsie &c –

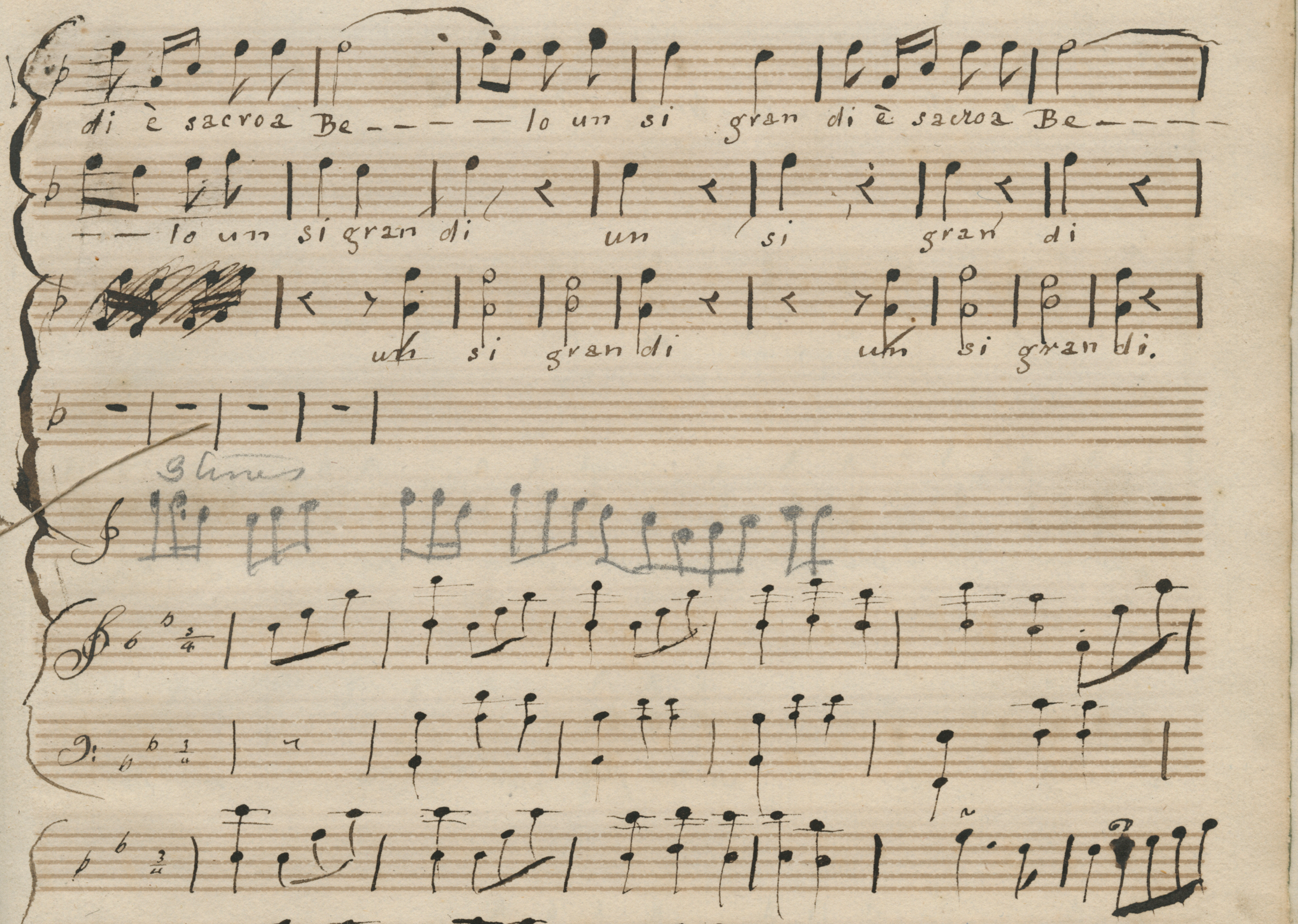
4.

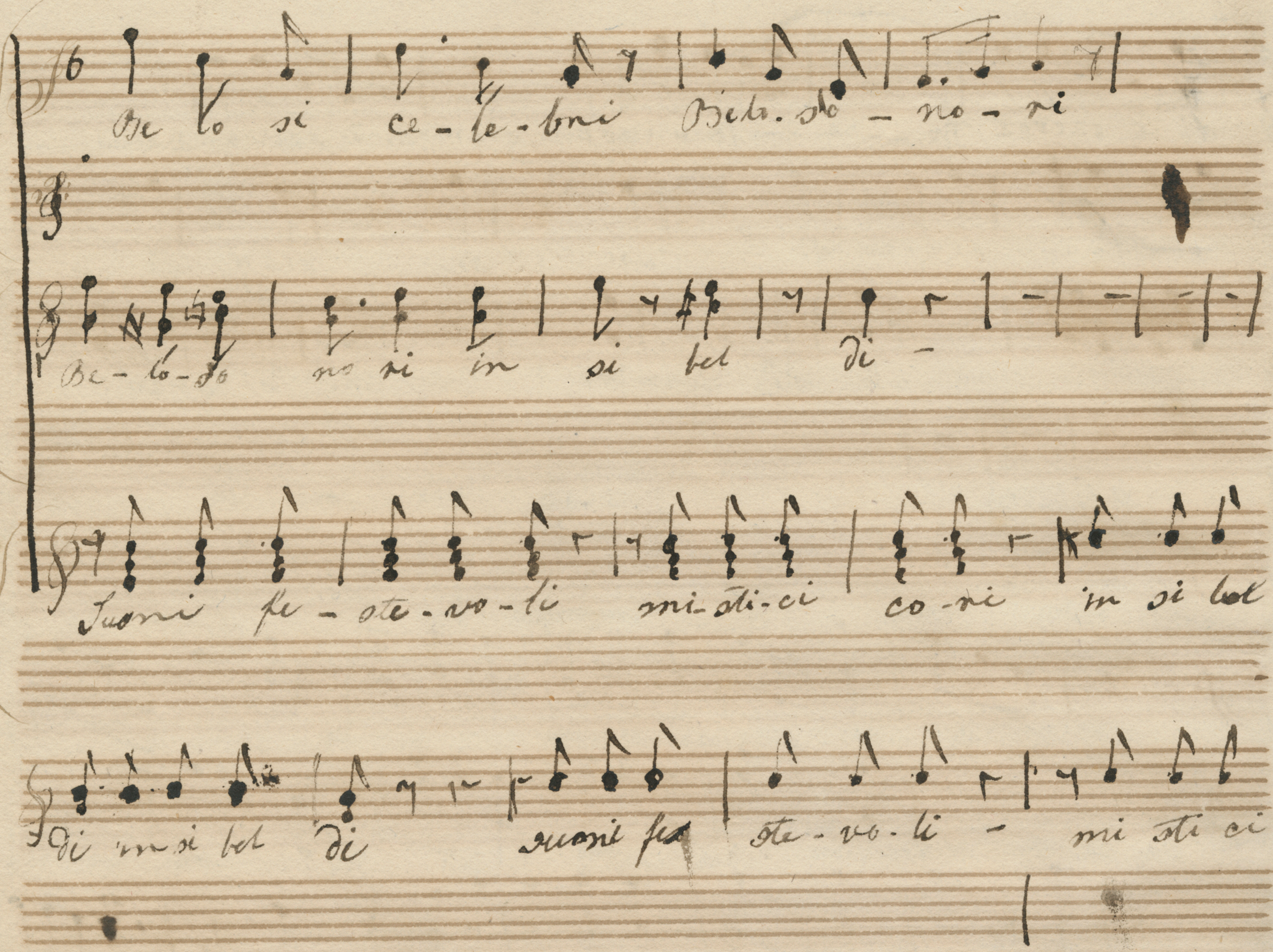
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours.
And rising weets wi' misty show'rs
The birks of Aberfeldy –
Bonny laſsie &c –

5

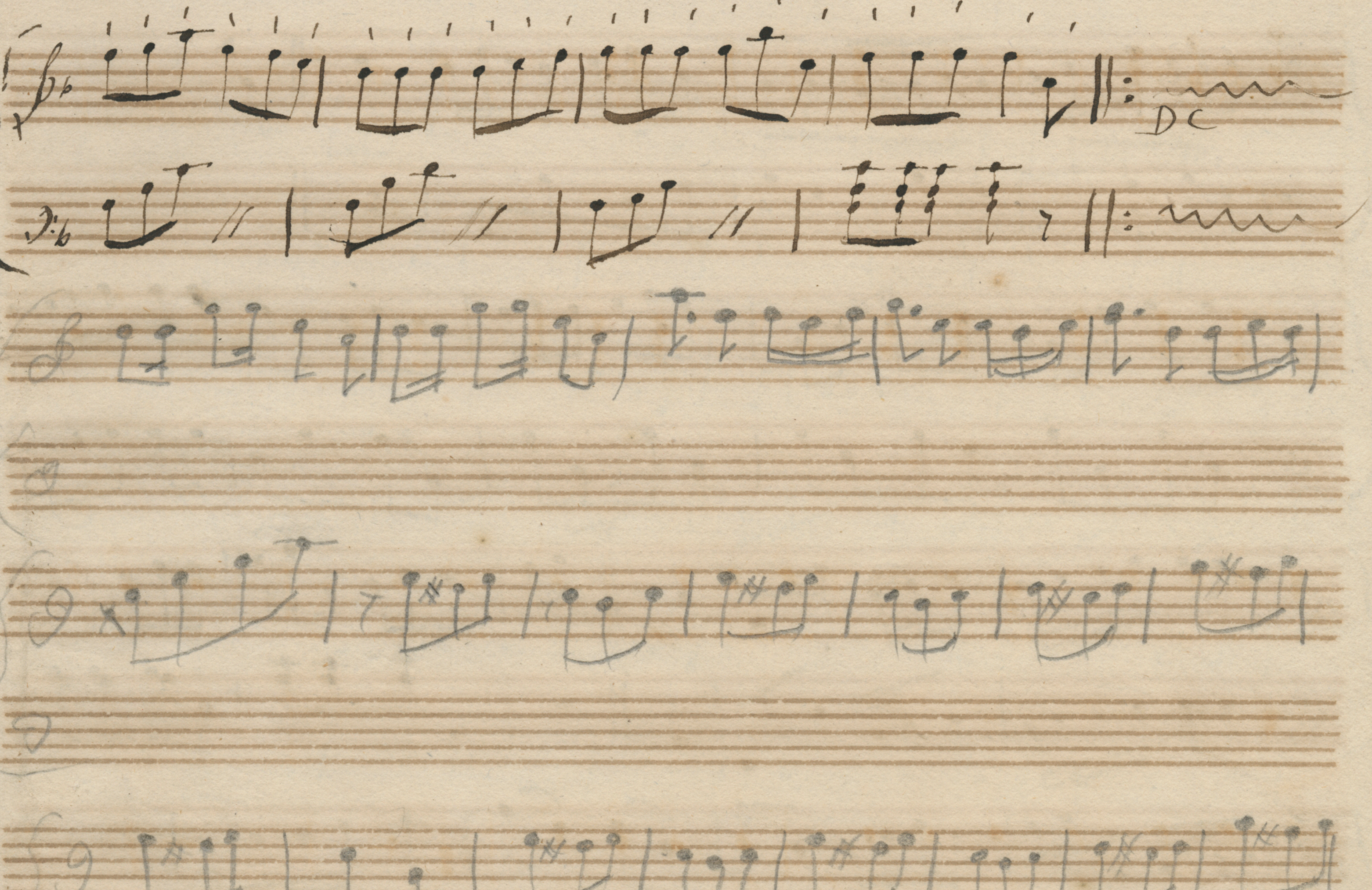
Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy –
Bonny laſsie &c –


Dal Gange au_ra_to Dal Ni lo al_te ro
Dal Ti_gri in_do_mito dall' A_bein tero
ve_ni_teo Popoli in
si bel di è sacro a Be lo questo gran
di ve ni_te ve ni_te in si bel di
in tanta glo ria vorra dal cie lo Fra noi pro
pizio di scen_der Belo
Frà noi pro pizio di_scender Belo render_co_si render co_
si frà noi propizio descender Belo render co_
si render co_si lieta l'As_siria
S.
ren_der co_si lieta l'As_siria ren_der co_si
vorra pro_ pi_zio di_scen_der Belo render co_
si render co_si è sa_cro a Be_lo è sa_cro a Be_lo un si gran

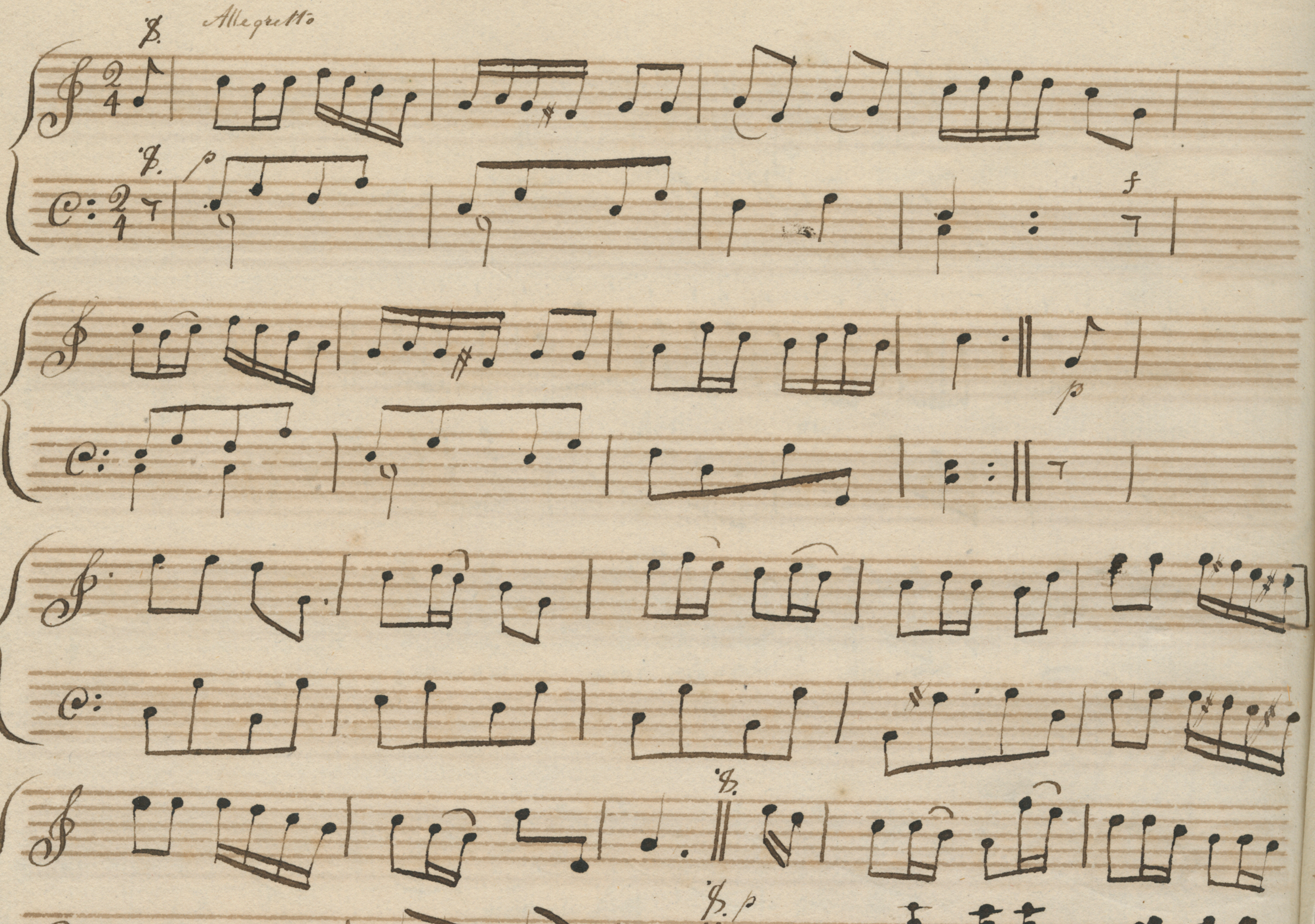

di è sacro a Be———lo un si gran di è sacro a Be———
——lo un si gran di un si gran di
un si gran di un si gran di.
3 times
e b


Be lo si ce-le-bri Belo-so-no-ri
Be-lo-so no-ri in si bel di-
Suoni fe-ste-vo-li mi-sti-ci co-ri in si bel
di in si bel di suoni fe ste-vo-li - mi sti ci
cori - in si bel di in si bel di
è sacro a Be lo un si gran-di
è sacro-a Be-lo un si gran-di-

Cottillions for the Piano Forte composed by different authores



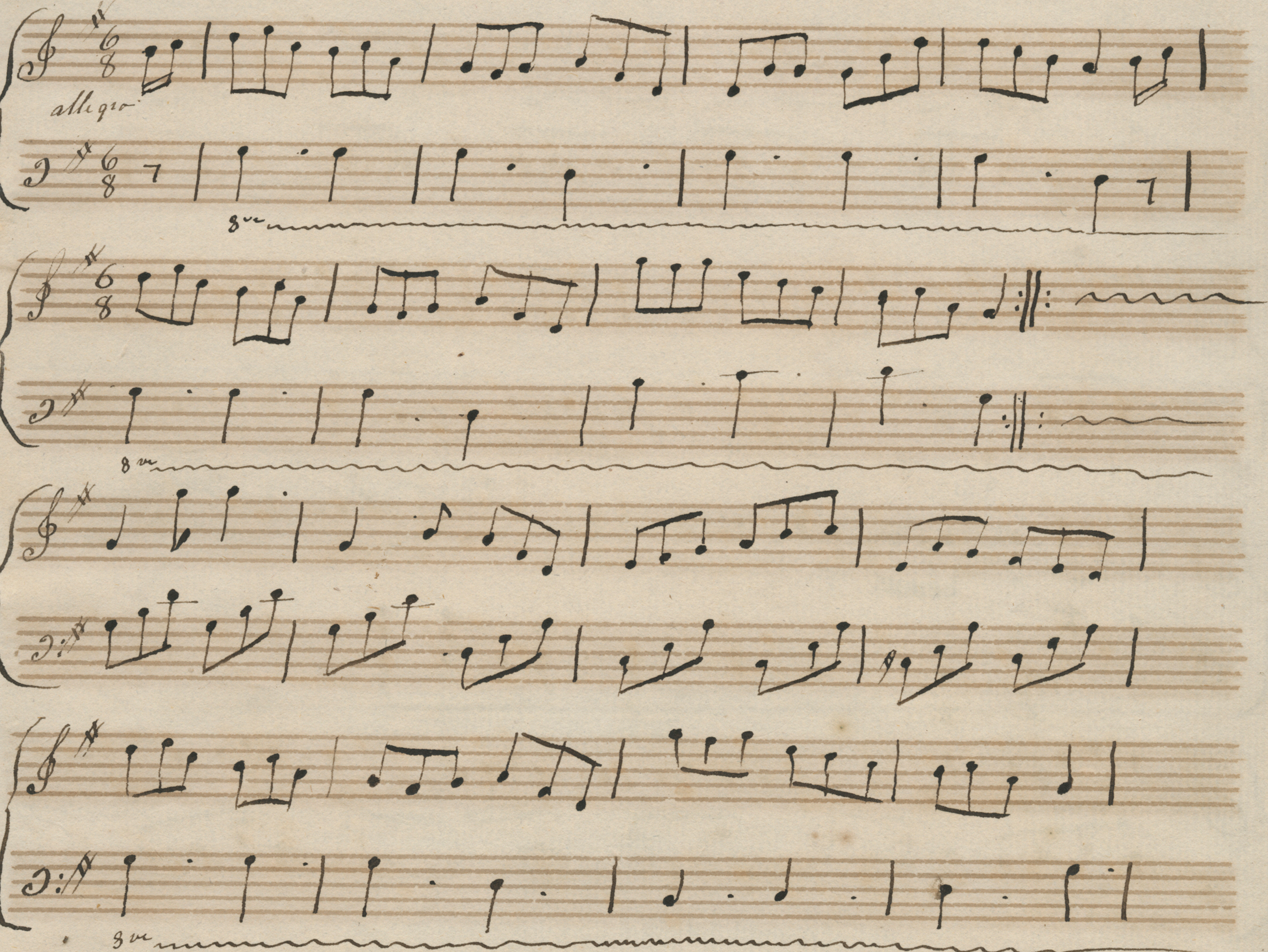
1

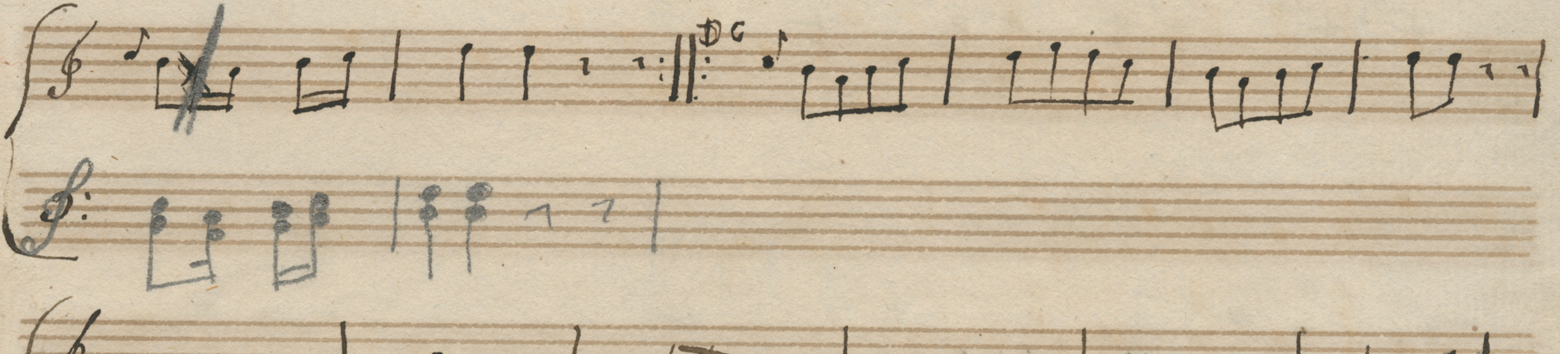

Allegretto
p
f
p
p

Figure

1 right and left
2 balance and turn partners
3 Ladies chain
4 Promenade half round
5 right and left to place

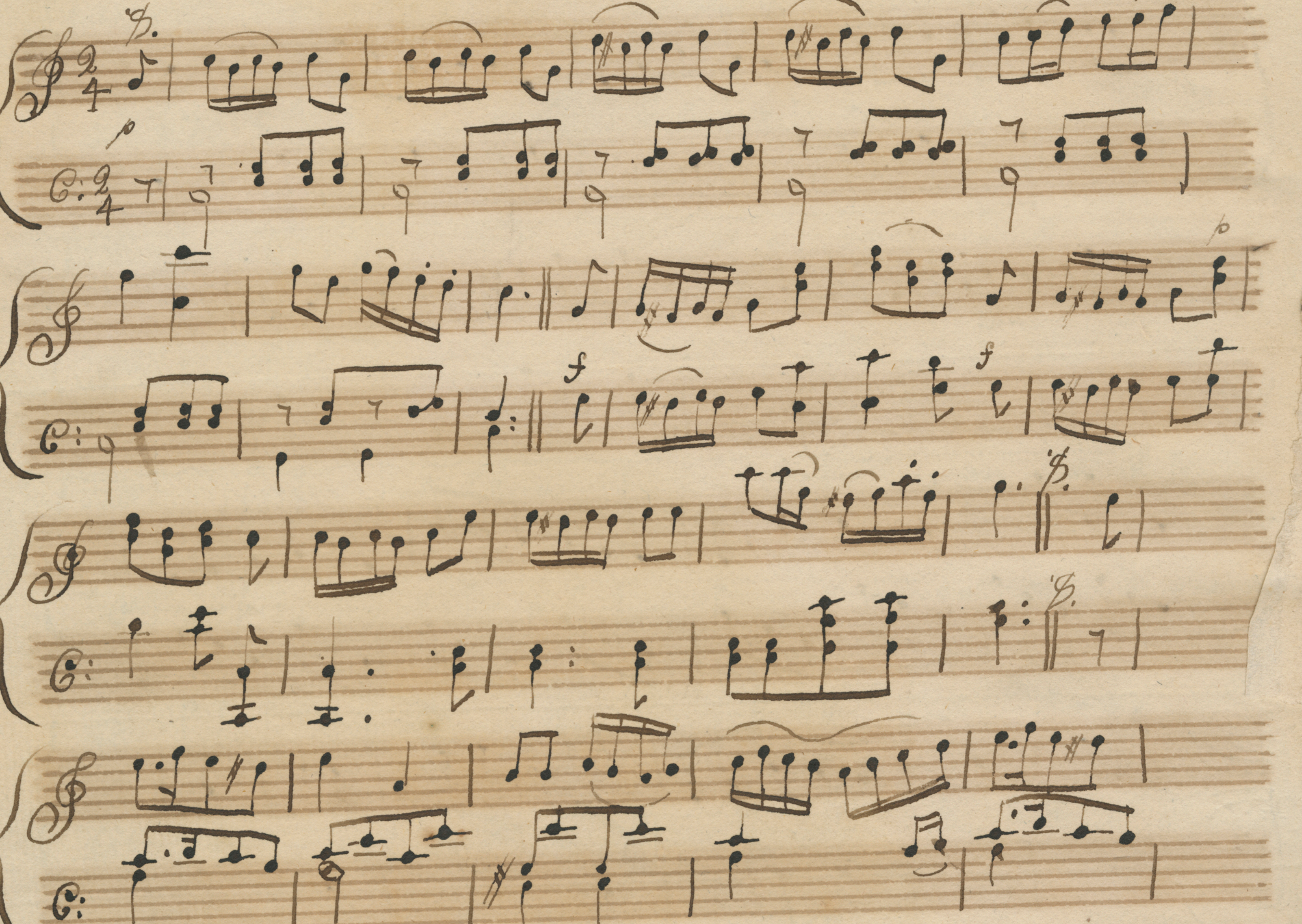
The Waterman a dance


allegro
8va
8va
8va



1

5°



right & left
right hand cross—
forward two
the jig
the cheat—
bal—
forward two

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